THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1744

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JUNE 24, 1933

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 24, 1933

DR. DOLLFUSS STRIKES

The Austrian Chancellor Flies to the Defence of His Country

While the delegates of the nations were deliberating in South Kensington and Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, was in London, the Nazi Party in Austria, choosing the strategic moment, precipitated a new crisis in Europe. Nazi Storm Troops were reported to be gathering on the frontiers and an armed rising under German leadership appeared imminent in North Tyrol. Dr. Richard Steidle, a Heimwehr leader and supporter of the present regime, was fired on and outrages by Nazi terrorists took place throughout the country. Traffic on the Austro-German border came to a standstill, while further impetus was given to the impending clash by the arrest of Dr. Wasserback, hitherto Press Attaché at the Austrian Legation in Berlin. Profiting by the absence of the Chancellor it was hoped, before he could return, to establish with one stroke a Nazi regime in Austria. But it was not to be. Dr. Dollfuss, with characteristic courage, hurriedly left the Conference and, journeying by air, arrived in Vienna on Saturday evening. Swift retribution followed, and on Monday the Chancellor dissolved the Nazi Party in Austria and forbade each and all of its activities within the boundaries of his country. Dr. Dollfuss had struck a dramatic blow for National Independence.
In the above picture the Chancellor is seen with Baron Franckenstein, Austrian Ambassador in London, as he left Croydon on his vital journey to Vienna

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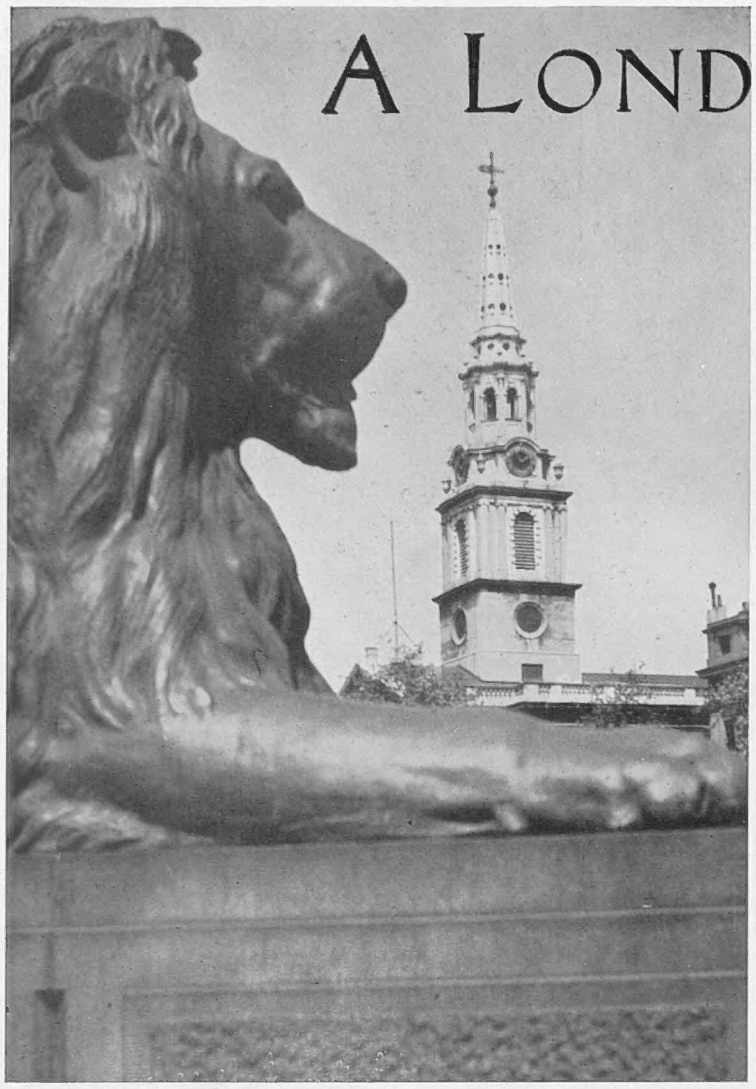


THE LANDSEER LION LOOKS ON: While the world revolves round the Imperial capital and the nations are gathered for the most momentous of all Conferences, the British lion, Sphinx-like and inscrutable, remains as a symbol of stability in a harassed world

A LONDON NEWS-LETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 21, 1933.

THE DEBT INSTALMENT.

—One of the few international questions of which the inner history has been clearly known to the public at large was the American debt. The British Government never meant to pay £19,000,000 on June 15. It did not budget for payment in April. It couldn't if it would. The money wasn't there or obtainable. That omission in the Budget told the world. Mr. Roosevelt had other and more direct means of knowing, which did not prevent him issuing his Debts note in common form. It was all bluff. We in this country are well aware that Mr. Roosevelt must humour Congress, which is as slow to change its views as it is slow to embody in legislation changes of policy. We continued the play-acting by protesting that we had no intention of repudiating our debt. We merely did not propose to pay it in its present ruinous form. We offered a "token" payment, if desired. But pay we could not and would not. It was up to us to indicate it to America as politely as possible. Until we did so America could only pretend that she expected payment, for it was no more than a pretence. And so the comedy played itself out in the first days of last week. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Hull postponed their statements, and the Cabinet held emergency sittings. Now the field is clear for War Debts revision, and Congress at long last has got to face facts and try to squint at the world at large through Mr. Roosevelt's magnifying eyeglasses. We have paid our token of admission and refusal, and one more free trip to the States of the secretaries and typists will settle the question. While we shower congratulations on Mr. Roosevelt's strength and Mr. MacDonald's faith and patience, let us not forget to commend the tact of the go-between, Sir Ronald Lindsay.

AUSTRIA AND THE NAZIS.—

The recent history of the Nazi campaign in Austria is worth recalling. Early in April the Dollfuss Cabinet decided to prohibit wireless propaganda by the agents of Dr. Goebbels, the German Minister of Propaganda. The Austrian *National* Socialists attempted in vain to retaliate by acts of sabotage, and Dollfuss' Cabinet at the same time disbanded the Socialist Schutzband without resistance shown. The scene shifted to Rome, whither Dollfuss hurried in the wake of Hitler and Goering, to ascertain what, if any, change in Mussolini's views on Austrian annexation had resulted from it. He found the Duce resolutely opposed to Hitler's aims as regards Austria, having no desire to see at his door a nationalistic State, attracting to it thousands of Tyrolese Germans revolting from Italian Fascism. This determination of Mussolini is very welcome to Dollfuss since Hitler dare not at this juncture antagonize the Duce. Austria now has two powerful groups opposed to *Anschluss* — the Roman Catholics who fear the loss of their present power, and the Socialists who have learned from Germany the fate of Socialism under Nazi dictatorship.

WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH KENSINGTON.—

One should keep handy an abridged Who's Who of the delegates to the W.E.C., for it is a rare chance for us to study them individually. The U.S. is headed by Mr. Cordell Hull, France has sent MM. Daladier, Bonnet, and Paul-Boncour, Italy Signor Jung, Germany Baron von Neurath and Dr. Hugenberg, Japan Viscount Ishii, Belgium M. Hymans, Austria temporarily loaned Dr. Dollfuss, and Argentina sent Dr. Le Breton, Canada Mr. Bennett, Australia Mr. Bruce, India has Sir S. Hoare and Sir George Schuster, South Africa General Smuts and Mr. Havenga. Among the above are included, I fancy, the principal delegates of the first dozen in what will (we hope) soon be aptly termed the comity of nations. We shall do well to attach the names to the faces in every case and to link them firmly in our memory, for this World Conference is giving us Londoners a wonderful chance to take henceforth a far more lively interest in European and world politics. Many of these leading statesmen have hitherto been mere names to us. Just now we can study them day by day, catalogue their changes of expression and estimate their characters, so that in the changes and chances of world politics in the next decade we can follow the policies and pronouncements of the protagonists with the personal interest of intimate acquaintances. And that will immensely increase our interest and understanding.

THE WATER GIPSIES.—

Seventeen out of nineteen Cabinet Ministers last Friday committed themselves into the hands of the First Lord, of Father Thames and Father Neptune, and embarking in two admirals' barges, threshed down to Greenwich to dine and see the pageant. A "nasty sea" was breaking against the embankment masonry, and some of the statesmen wore an anxious look with dinner jackets and black ties. There are few scenes more full of pathos than the last farewell to loved ones departing on a perilous sea voyage, and choking cries of "Bon voyage" rose from the crowd of sightseers till the vessels with their precious freights were lost to sight under the Arches of the Bridge of Contention. But Father Thames bore them up on his bosom and Old Neptune had them in his keeping, and they made Greenwich Pier and walked steadily *to* their dinner. It consisted of caviare, whitebait, langouste, and cream of haddock, washed down with Amontillado, Liebfraumilch (1921), Bollinger (1923), Sandeman (1911), and Cognac Mounie (1878). Mr. Thomas made a number of trenchant observations, and Mr. Baldwin, drawing freely on his cousin Kipling, summed up the whole entertainment in the quotation:

"If this be the price of Admiralty
Lord God, we have paid in full."

A CARICATURIST GOES TO SOUTH KE
the suave diplomatic speeches has ca
M. Paul Hymans, Belgium's Minister fo
M. Jaspar is the inimitable Dr. Dollfuss
Austria, and China, and Mr. S. M. Bruce

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.—

Under the influence of Reinhardt, the O.U.D.S. went native and went fey last week when it played *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Not in the theatre, not in Worcester or St. John's Gardens (which are closes or natural theatres) but, "taking to the woods," in a great meadow at Headington. This fine effort is in my mind linked with the effort of the Oxford Preservation Trust. I see Mr. H. A. L. Fisher and Max Reinhardt joining hands in a great effort to preserve and restore the fairy-like romance and charm of Oxford at all costs, to safeguard the "secret none can utter." Reinhardt knew the secret; perhaps it is an attribute of genius to know all unuttered secrets, and one felt it was not the Court of Theseus, nor the age of Elizabeth, but the great tradition of Oxford through the ages which had been translated into the immortality of fairyland. To achieve his end, Reinhardt was suffered to "take liberties with the text" of our English Shakespeare, and no one expressed horror at the impiety. Truth to tell, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as a play, is a poor

FROM CHINA TO PERU: A gallery of faces culled from the World Economic Conference by Tom Titt who paid a special visit to the Geological Museum last week for re

SINGTON "TO FIND THE MIND'S CONSTRUCTION IN THE FACE": Tom Titt has been among the delegates at the Geological Museum, and amid the thunder of eloquence and catured for "Sphere" readers some of the representatives of the sixty-six nations who, without the help of Panama, are deciding the economic future of the world. On the left is Foreign Affairs, talking with M. Jaspar, his Cabinet colleague. Above him is the official interpreter, one of the men without whom the Conference would be a veritable Babel. Next to Austria's "iron chancellor," and during his short visit the idol of London's drawing-rooms. Behind him are distinguished visitors from Salvador, he with the raven locks, Albania, Australia's Minister in London. On his right are M. A. Ozersky, Russia's Deputy Commissar for Foreign Trade, M. M. Litvinoff, the bargaining Bolshevik chairman of his delegation, and M. J. Maisky, of pointed imperial, the Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. With them are their three colleagues

thing, an unequal, feeble piece. But as a pageant of fairyland, as a vehicle for Elizabethan clowning, it is rich and rare, and so Reinhardt saw it. The mortals of the cast cut a poor figure beside the immortals, the lovers are dummy figures, and the courtiers only too typical of courts. But the yokel clowns were richly endowed by Shakespeare, and Reinhardt invested their inheritance to great advantage, and the fairies are the real fairies of childhood. You can then, if you were not there, conjure up the scene of enchantment out there in the green meadow above the dreaming spires, with cunning lighting effects making magical the leaves, and the scents and sounds of a summer evening intoxicating the senses. It was no time for mortals to be abroad, it was no hour for middle-age, for disillusion or for materialism. Not a soul so dead in the audience but cried out its belief in fairies, its appreciation of the value of rustic clowning, and its eternal faith in the survival of Oxford's glorious romance. It was midsummer madness, this production of Reinhardt's genius, but there was method in his madness.

BLOOMSBURY REDIVIVUS.

— "Bloomsbury — what a pretty name!" "More of the 'bury' than the bloom, my dear." Was it from "Sweet Lavender" that this mutilated tag survives in my memory? Whether or no, it will not much longer draw a laugh for its aptness, for Bloomsbury is burying its past and is soon to bloom again. On June 26 the King lays the foundation stone of the vast new buildings for the University of London which will one day transform the melancholy site and convert Bloomsbury into London's great educational centre, a city of courts and lecture-rooms, quadrangles and gardens, cloisters and groves of Academe. At present the University is dotted about in a hundred buildings all over inner and greater London. In a few years these accommodation premises will be deserted and the vast congeries of schools and offices which form a modern university will be centred in Bloomsbury, and the desert area which leads to the northern railway termini will have become London's City of Spires and oasis of learning and high thinking. This then is a notable ceremony indeed. What it may mean to London, Britain, and civilization, all who appreciate the importance of education will try to estimate.

readers of "The Sphere"

A STRONG REPLY.

—The committee of M.C.C. is always strong. It has had the golden sense and calmness of Lord Ullswater to guide its deliberations recently, and now it benefits from one of the best legal brains in the country. In cricket knowledge and technicalities it is hardly capable of improvement. Therefore the much-discussed and recent reply to the Australian B.C. was not lacking in forethought and right judgment. It was straight from the shoulder. It refused to recognize the term "body-line," though it is ready and active to watch in the game's interests the development of "leg-theory" during the current season. As for the proposal to accept the B.C.'s new law, and throw on the umpires a responsibility and a power from which even a Speaker of the House of Commons might reasonably recoil, it is quite impracticable. Then the committee dealt at long last with the question of "barracking," and every British cricket lover will rejoice that the nettle has been grasped. For years it has been a blot on the fair escutcheon of Test cricket down-under, and long since the cricket authority there should have put a stop to it, even at the risk of financial loss. It was seed sown by a clique of roughs, and it has grown unchecked into a monstrous "institution," which is in the worst possible taste and the very negation of sportsmanship. We now know what Jardine's men were forced to endure. If Australia don't like our reply, the best thing will be to postpone these fixtures till calm thinking and time have done their beneficent work, and the game can be played once more as it should be played. "Win or wrangle" is a sign that the spirit of the game is forgotten. Anyway, at the moment, we have more important things to think about.

PLAIN MR. BAREBONE.

—In the checkered history of the Bourbons, how many of that far-flung race have elected or been forced to exchange nobler titles for that simple patronymic and to pass from the fierce light that beats on thrones into the obscurity of private life as plain M. de Bourbon, plain Mr. Barebone or Barbon? One hundred and twenty and three of them have worn crowns in Europe. None wears a crown to-day. As Barebones they have married and died, fallen and risen again to power, found refuge in foreign lands and returned to the thrones of half-a-dozen nations, and as a family they have surely enjoyed far less than mortal man's fair ration of happiness. If Señorita Ocejo is as charming as she sounds and as rich as she is spoken, it is difficult to believe that King Alfonso really feels the bitterness attributed to him concerning the Prince of the Asturias' love match. For long since the world has regarded the King's eldest son as a superseded heir to a non-existent throne. Don Jaime, his younger brother, has been openly earmarked as the heir for some long time. The Prince of the Asturias can have little reluctance in signing away the shadow of nothing in exchange for present bliss, and if he has done so his father and the world at large should wish him from the heart good luck and a long spell of happiness to compensate him for the many kicks which circumstance and chance have given him. There can be none so interfering or cantankerous as to stand in the way of the young enchanted.

WIMBLEDON.

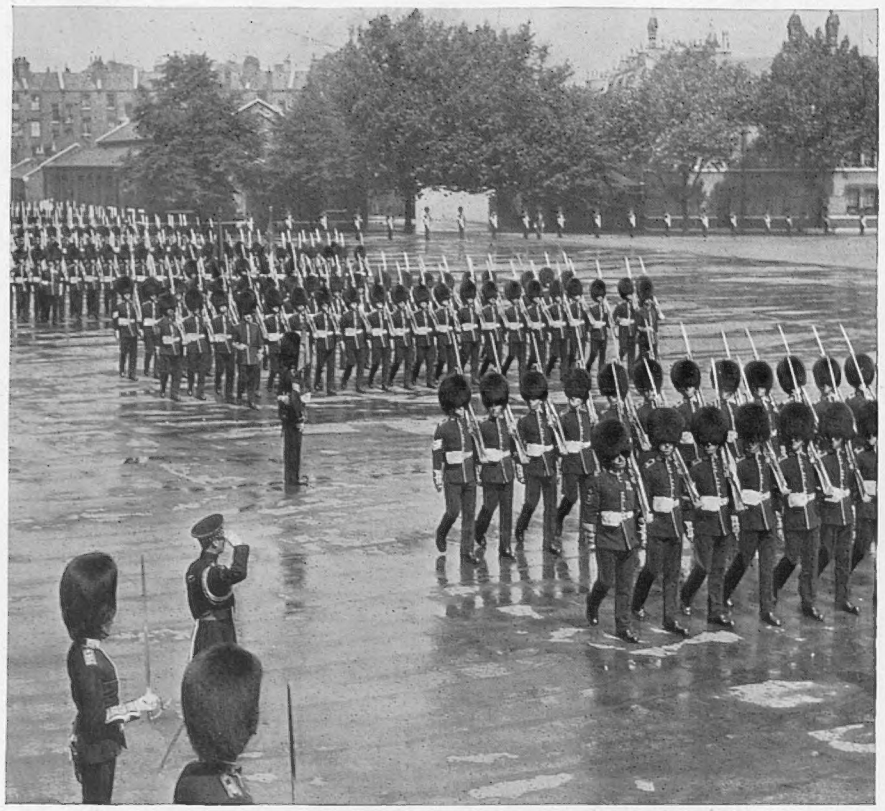
—After a brilliant Ascot, Wimbledon with every promise of brilliance and thrills. It is a most satisfactory entry and there is an added interest in the promise of new reputations to be made and a welcome readjustment of lawn tennis values. The stars are fixed stars and a new planet or two will swim with a welcome into our ken. The Americans hold the major championships, the invincible Wills and the outsize Vines. But there are several runners-up who will come to Wimbledon with enhanced reputations, Miss Scriven for example and Crawford. And one or two of the world's first dozen have lost ground since last we saw them. A new seeding will be healthy for the game. Of the British entry the names of the first flighters are all familiar as household words, but the Americans and South Africans are by no means old favourites to the man in the street, and the Frenchmen come with new combinations (*honi soit*). The women players are unquestionably Wimbledon's best draw. I don't know what Alvarez meant to the receipts. It is a comfort, therefore, to know that we can rely on Mlle Sigart, Fr. Krahwinkel, Mme Mathieu, Mrs. Moody, and Miss Jacobs, not to speak of Miss Scriven and those Press favourites, Mrs. F. W. and Miss B. N., whose tennis reputations rise and fall but are never quite established above high water mark. But, soft, the eliminating rounds are playing and the fun begins.

IN SCOTLAND.

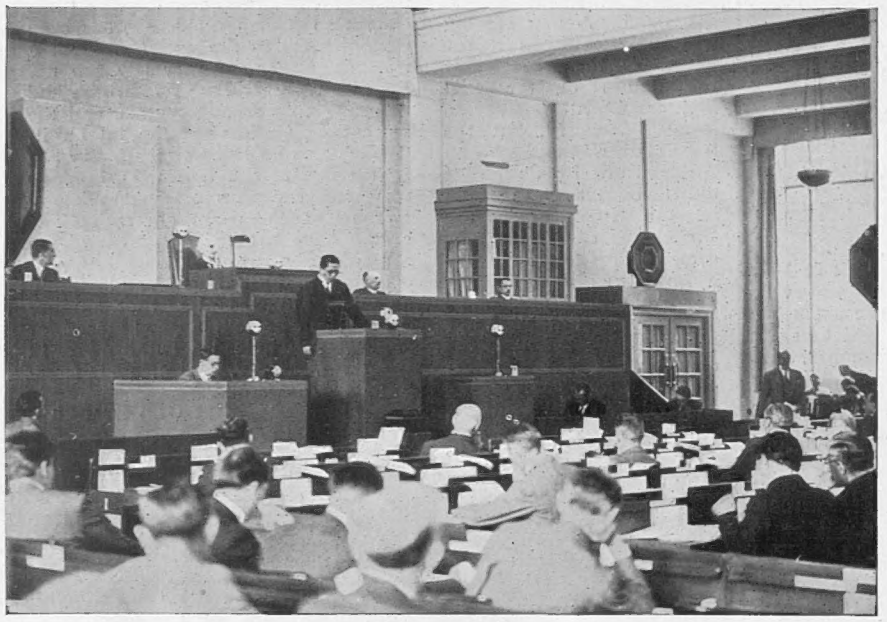
— Scotland has enjoyed a wonderful summer hitherto, for all but the anglers. For those patient sportsmen the season has been disappointing in the extreme. Not a trickle of water and very few fish up. Four lean years on the rivers have had their effect on fishing rentals, and the present season has put the lid on it. One lessee who last year had fifty fish by the end of the first week in June this season confesses to a single salmon! But the keepers are cheerful. The grouse have hatched out well and are astonishingly forward. The feed was excellent, the heather good, and nothing now but extremes of wet or another drought can prevent a good season for grouse. And indeed a bumper year in Inverness, Moray, Nairn, and Rossshire is long overdue.

THE OLD STAGER

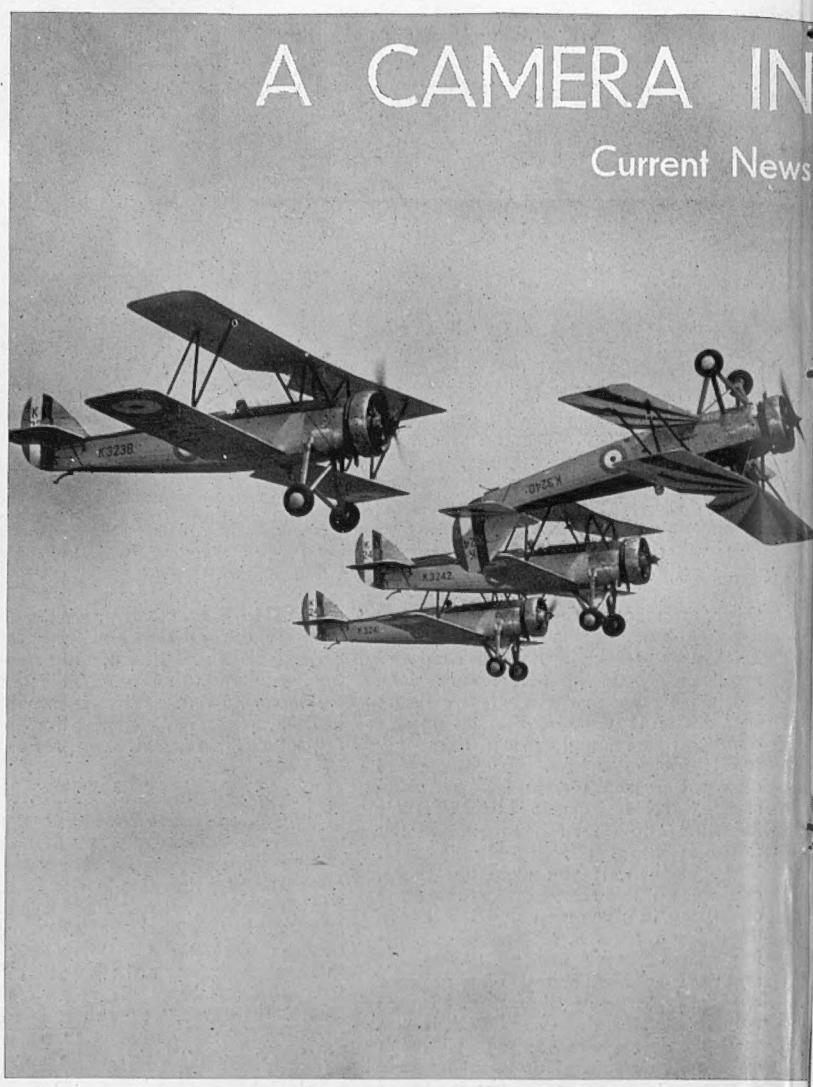
HANGING THE BARD: The statue of Shakespeare, known as the Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower Memorial, which was recently removed from its temporary site in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre grounds, Stratford-on-Avon, being placed in its new position in the public gardens extension. The bronze figure weighs over 35 cwt.



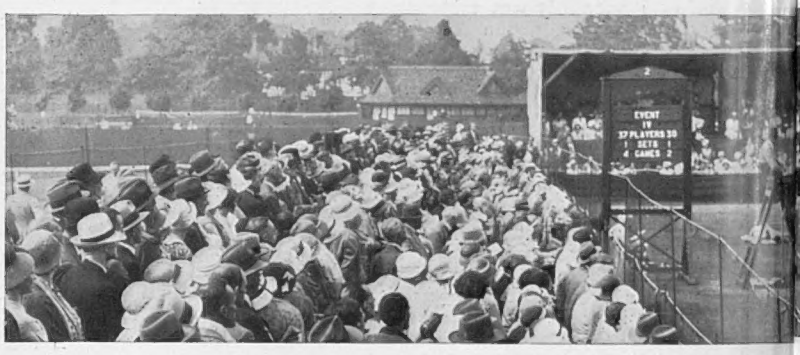
THE DUKE OF YORK INSPECTS THE ROYAL SCOTS GUARDS AT CHELSEA BARRACKS: H.R.H. taking the salute at the march past for the first time since his appointment as Colonel of the regiment. He succeeded Lord Methuen last December



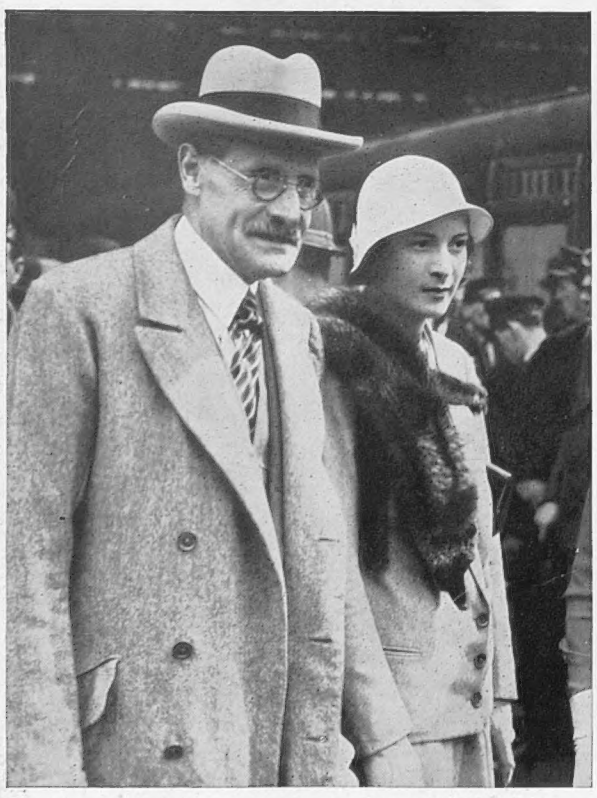
SPEAKING FOR CHINA: Dr. T. V. Soong of the Chinese Delegation addressing the World Economic Conference from the rostrum at the Geological Museum. Dr. Soong stressed the need for a higher standard of living in China



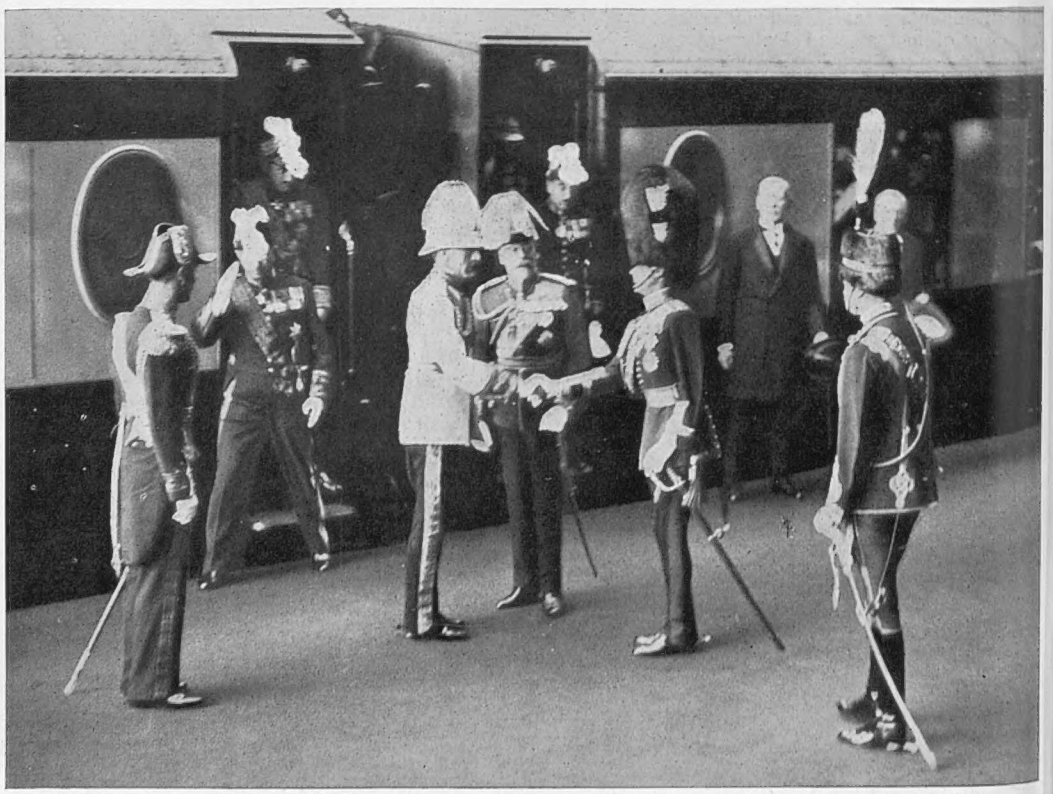
"FOLLOW MY LEADER," INVERTED VERSION: The two pictures shown above Wittering. During to-day's Hendon Air Pageant they will give an



THE KENT LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BECKENHAM: This tournament, men and women players in the game. The match seen in progress in the above Andrus Burke partnered by Miss Thomas, who met in the fourth round of the

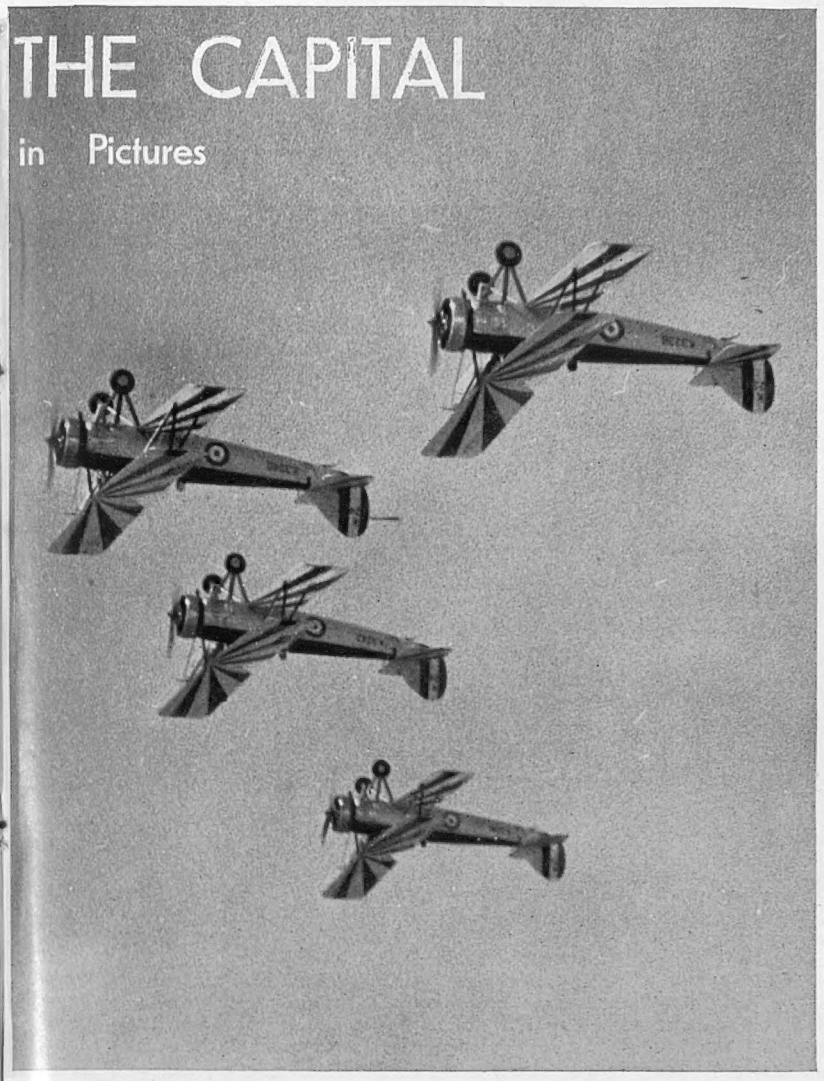


THE EARL OF CLARENDON RETURNS FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S WEDDING: The Governor-General of South Africa greeted by his daughter, Lady Joan Villiers, at Waterloo Station after his voyage from the Cape. She is to be married shortly

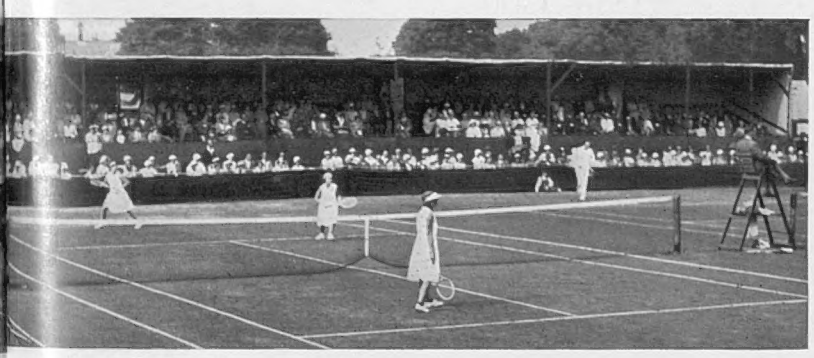


KING FEISAL ARRIVES: The King and the Prince of Wales greeting the King of Iraq at Victoria Station when he arrived in London on Tuesday on his first State visit to this country. The Duke of York, seen standing on the left, accompanied the Royal train from Dover. The two Kings drove to Buckingham Palace in the State coach

THE CAPITAL in Pictures



were taken during a rehearsal flight by members of the Central Flying School at inverted flying demonstration in their Avro Tutor flying machines



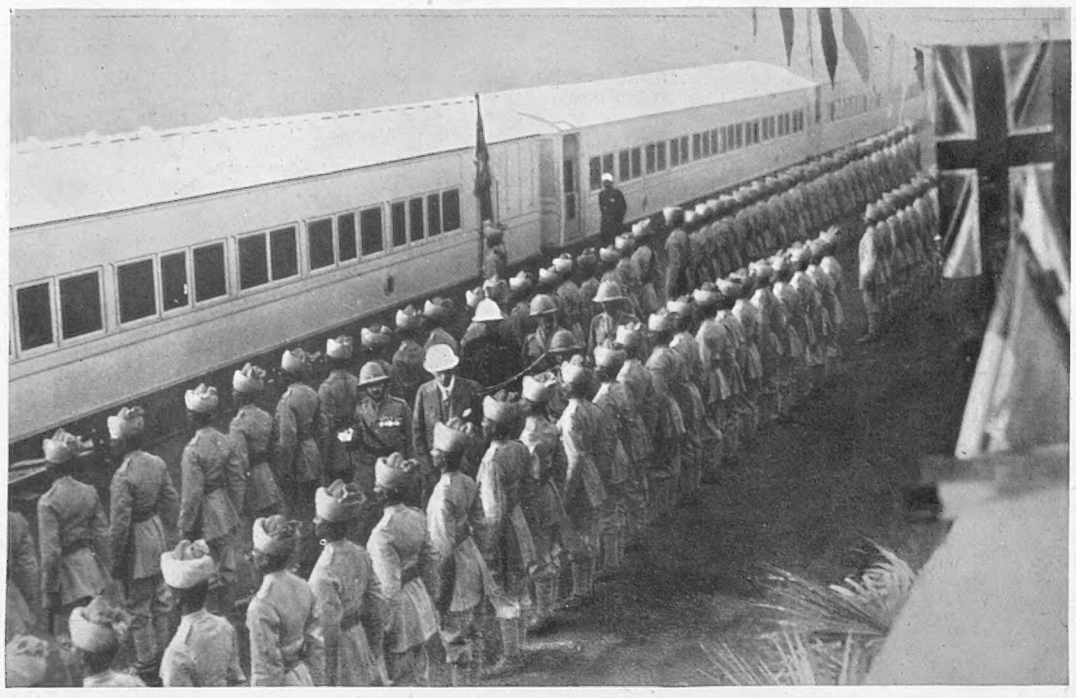
as it immediately precedes Wimbledon, invariably brings together some of the finest picture is between Miss K. E. Stammers partnered by Miss A. M. Yorke, and Mrs. Ladies' Doubles. The latter pair were beaten after a hard game by 6—2, 7—9, 6—4

SKIDS AND SPILLS AT BROOKLANDS: Some of the ninety competitors taking an awkward bend in last Saturday's 100 kilos. (62½ miles) cycling trial. The contest was arranged in order to assist in the selection of a representative British team

THE INCOMPARABLE SUZANNE LENGLEN IN LONDON: The former world tennis champion about to leave her hotel for an exhibition contest near Rugby. It was widely rumoured earlier in the season that she would meet Mrs. Wills-Moody

BEAUTY AT THE GREENWICH PAGEANT: The prettiest item of the night pageant is the ballet which forms part of the "Fête Galante" in the King George II birthday episode of 1728. Some thirty dancers take part in this incident; the white-clad figures converge from the sides of the colonnades and float up the steps with the daintiest of movements

ONLY REPUBLICAN MEMBER OF U.S. ECONOMIC DELEGATION: Senator James Couzens and his wife have just arrived in London for the Economic Conference. The Senator was at one time associated with Mr. Henry Ford



BRITISH CONTROL IN INDIA—A DOUBLE VISION: This picture shows a glimpse of the magnificent British-built railway system of India which enables authority to assert itself at any given point. The control of the railways and roads of India is not definitely reserved to the Governor-General in the White Paper proposals

WHITE PAPER WONDERS

(No. 3)

Surrender of the Railways to the Control of a Board

One of the most vital points in the government of India is the control of the railways and roads. Their strategic value is so great that the closest attention is being paid to the proposals relating to them in the White Paper. The accompanying article gives some instructive word pictures of the conditions which already exist under Indianization of the railways.

BOMBAY, 1933.

Just before leaving India, a month or two ago, I received a letter from a friend (a deep-thinking and literary man, be it said) who had crossed the country from Calcutta to Madras *en route* for England from farther East. He wrote that "he had not wasted much time" over his journey beyond a short stay with some senior official in Delhi, finding as always India, with its preponderant squalor and aridity, incredibly depressing and, except for small and widely separated areas, a place in no way rising to the very exalted descriptions of colour and glamour commonly acceded to it. On the other hand, he said he found it hard to believe all he had read in the current daily journals, both in England and abroad, and felt that the tales of growing tension—hostility to Europeans, threatened riot and bloodshed, intercommunal feeling, and the rest—must surely be exaggerations. Travelling, he had noticed nothing to complain of (more than usual). Delhi had indeed been, if anything, gayer than ever, the new Viceroy's Palace looking "imposing as always," and New Delhi "a picture of immaculate and orderly restraint."

He asked me how I had found India, living in it, and how much it had really altered in the last twenty years.

Reading this letter I felt all the hopeless impotence steal over me of ever successfully answering him (or those hundred thousand others) who ask for definite facts—who say they don't want "people's opinions" or scaremongers' prophecies, or the gloomy predictions of confirmed pessimists, but "facts, facts, facts."

And what can one tell them of Indian affairs? How can one successfully paint for them the insidious rot which has undermined the prestige and power of the British Raj in India?

Nothing actual, nothing universal that one could point to and say: "There you have it! *There* is where the trouble lies." Only to one who has intimately known, and lived in, this country for a quarter of a century is it apparent. A steady decline in all that was good, all that was sound and sensible and right. A persistent deterioration in respect of the black for the white. A loosening up of discipline. A continual and progressive abdication of power to a weak and untrustworthy successor, accompanied by all troubles such weakness must inevitably bring in its train.

The white population trembling on the very lip of a volcano as deep as is their (80 per cent. of them) abysmal ignorance and lack of desire for knowledge of the dangers, of the genuine state of affairs, or of the flowing tides of feelings, seditions, and fermenting racial antipathy which have crept bubbling in the last few years to their very feet.

Their unthinking yet implicit trust lies in what? The British Army in India and the police. That thin and rapidly weakening crust that as yet restrains this fathomless black lava.

I say more particularly *British* troops, as, magnificent a body of men though their Indian equivalents undoubtedly are, it is hardly to be expected that, gathered as each regiment has been from divers sects, creeds, and denominations, they would be at their best in suppressing intercommunal warfare, the strife of contending factors who are yet at the same time their co-religionists.

I wrote some weeks ago of the dependency of the South Mahratta States on British rule, and the inevitable ensuing bloodshed which must necessarily follow on our abdication of India to the myth of Indian rule. But again, I would be told that that is *my* opinion only—so once more to facts.

What the handing over of even minor positions, held before by the British to our Aryan brothers, has done for the white population of India to-day.

Let us take those few Britishers, who for a livelihood have sold themselves for an existence in a country where heat and aridity or, alternately, blue mould, disease, and sudden death stalk hand in hand the long year through. A country whose only consolation in the past, since the old John Company days, was that a gentleman might live as a gentleman. That the reins of discipline were in white hands; that white brains still ruled; and where a white man took his orders from a fellow countryman—not from a Dravidian savage, instinct with racial antipathy, lightly veneered by all that is worst in Western civilization. Nowadays all too often the case.

So to a few of the so desired FACTS.

Since the very ruthless cut in pay in British Indian Army officers (10 per cent. of their salaries) synchronizing, one might add, with the unrestrained rise in the price of all British goods imported into India—owing to the penal taxation levied upon them by our Indian extremist "friends" (?)—prices of materials, servants' wages, import duty on cars, etc., British officers, without private means (defencelessly penalized in this way), have found it increasingly difficult to live, and have, therefore, found themselves no longer able to uphold the prestige of the white race, so vitally necessary to our continued rule in India; prestige utterly dependent on the respect we exact—and weakening as it is by the very rapid deterioration of that respect. For democracy, to the Eastern mind in general, is merely an acknowledgment of being no better than anyone else and nothing to be proud of. Thus, on the long railway journeys which are an inevitable portion of the white man's and woman's life in India, it has become nowadays impossible for a very large percentage of British officers to travel first class (which unlike England is a very necessary proceeding), second-class railway carriages being often built to sleep eight passenger and to hold double that number, and being always packed with often half-naked, insanitary, and evil-smelling black humanity, the sound of whose expectorations and other disregard for polite conventions make the day and night hideous.

Yet it is to this company that democracy and the cut in the pay have brought senior British officers, their wives and children. Nor is that all. For the railway companies apparently make a point of putting one second-class to every ten first-class carriages on each train—once more penalizing the already long-suffering white man, who is thus forced to travel first class, and not only pay the difference, but (as this is impossible *en route*) is very often seized upon by some gloating, semi-witted, peak-capped, coal-black official (five years ago nakedly tilling his field) who insists that he must pay a fine for travelling first-class on a second-class ticket, as well as the extra on his original ticket. Argument is useless, as much bitter experience has taught me—an appeal to higher authority of no avail. All the officials are black and delighted at the chance of using their authority against a white man. Protests merely are a sign for the police to be called, and *not* by the British officers. "Prestige," "a white man's word," the "Sahib Log," such such-like echoes from the past, are anachronisms of the worst sort in these days of grace in India.

And whom shall we blame for such a state of affairs?

Those responsible for over-rapid Indianization, and this apparently feverish desire to turn out in ever increasing thousands that most shocking abortion, an Anglo-Saxonized Oriental proletariat; who are, at the same time, those from whom the white man serving England with his life in India expects protection from such humiliations—or *used* to. For nowadays only the white man's *life* is protected in the East. His position, rank, and the fact that he is white—his prestige—can take care of themselves.

I have asked many an Indian civil servant, isolated as they are, how they bear this state of affairs, and always comes the same reply: "Good heavens, we've got to bear it—in silence, too." Short shrift is accorded those who question our present administration in India. And this from men who have devoted thirty and forty years to building up our Empire in the East. From the highest to the lowest—however intolerable the situation becomes, however humiliating—they must bear it in silence, writhing impotently under the veiled sneers and supercilious smiles of Indians, nowadays often promoted in *preference* to a white man with many years' knowledge and service.

For nothing is sacred, nothing too good to "go" in the name of Indian democracy—that cry of our great philanthropic society who are throwing away an Empire and "know not what they do." . . .

Once more my example of this must come from the railways (though they may be gathered from all hands, outside cantonments, these days in India, alas!). Travelling from Poona to Bombay, last year, for the day and unable to pay the fabulous sum for a first-class ticket, we purchased a return second-class fare for the day. Returning that evening, our tickets were duly inspected by the ticket collector at the barrier of the Bombay terminus, *without remark*. Owing to the dearth of second-class accommodation we were forced to install ourselves, with much difficulty, in an eight-berth second-class compartment, already inhabited by six Indians of the working classes, and, after a singularly unpleasant journey, reached Poona at 1 a.m. We were the only white passengers with that destination, and alighted in drenching rain in company with some dozen other Indian second- and third-class passengers. Hardly had we left the train, however, than an Indian official pounced on us, explaining that no second-class passengers were allowed to travel on this particular train (no mention had been made of this in Bombay) and that we must either pay a full first-class fare (though we had travelled second) or a second-class fare to the next station, some five hours farther on and therefore a considerable sum of money.

No argument would shake his apparent insanity. He could neither explain why, if it was forbidden, we had been allowed to pass the barrier in Bombay nor why we should be penalized in consequence. The climax was reached when, infuriated, we asked him why he had made no effort to detain our fellow passengers. "Oh," he replied, "I couldn't catch everyone." There is no need to point the moral of this story, and it is one amongst many. If anyone is to be penalized by black authority one can be quite sure, however necessary, it will not be the black. The white man's laws have only been made for use against himself whilst yet the British continue to make their homes in India.

To them the mere thought of our apparently imminent abdication from all positions of government and power is horrifying to a degree, holding as it does the fulfilment of their worst fears, their most gloomy forebodings. An inevitable orgy of anti-white feeling, and the incessant baiting of any white men still holding posts of authority in the country, so that their positions becoming increasingly intolerable, even they will at last be forced to go. For of such a future are the dreams of all good Congress men.

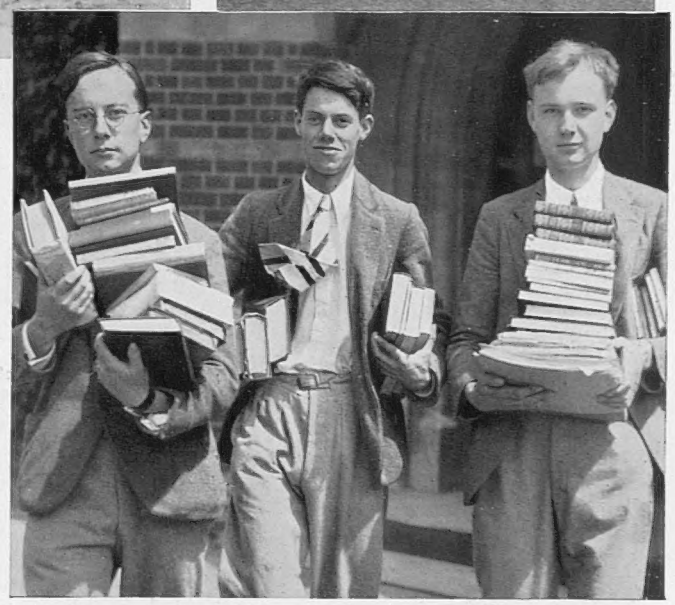
And if we go—what then?

C. H.

A SURVEY OF HOME NEWS

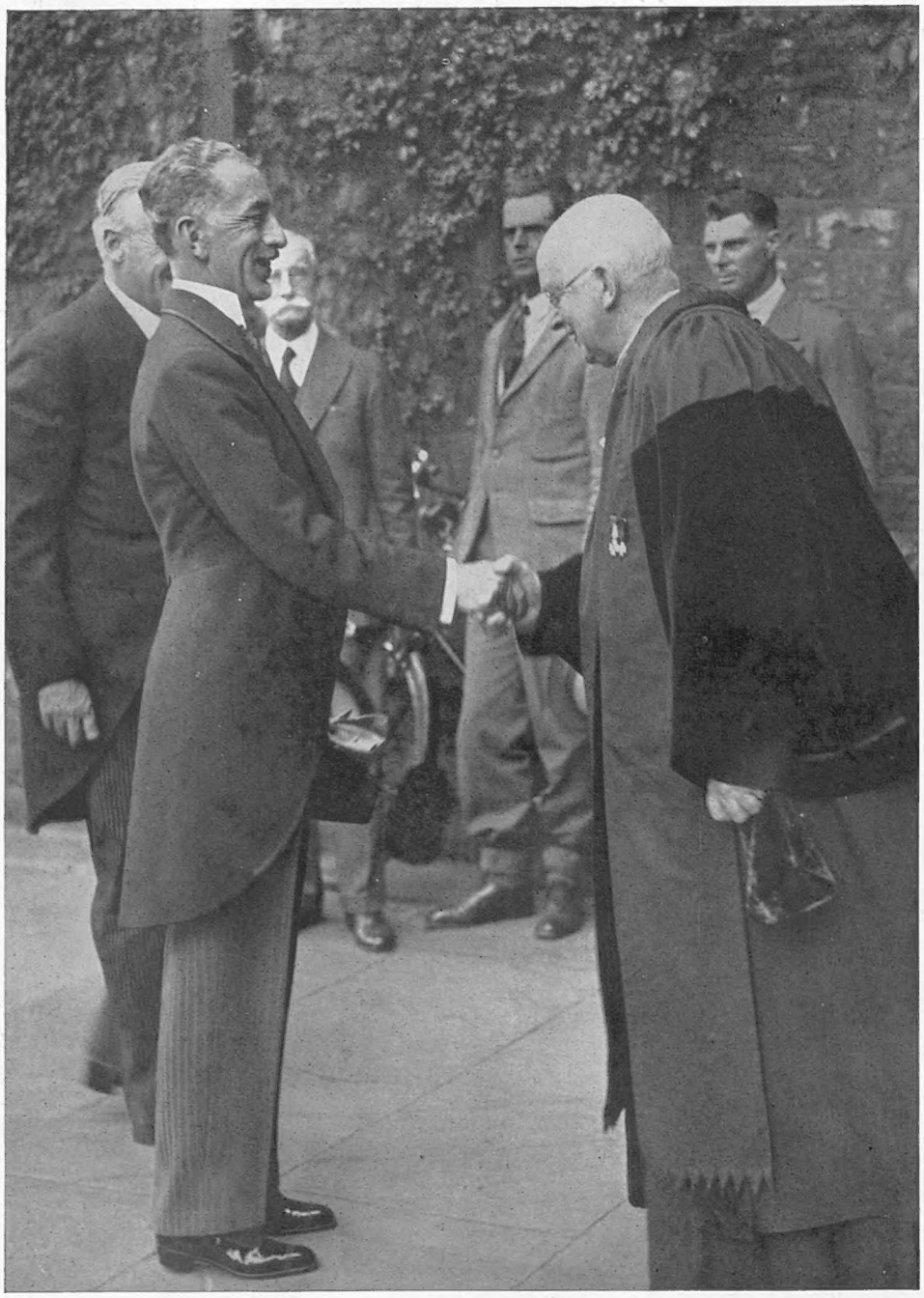
CHICHESTER'S PAGEANT AND PILGRIMAGE: The Palace grounds have been thronged with visitors during the past week for the historical pageant of "The Acts of St. Richard of Chichester" whose tomb is in Chichester's twelfth-century cathedral. The audience and players are seen processing to the shrine to hear the addresses given by the Bishop of Truro and the Master of the Temple. *Right, above*—Flounces and frills in the Elizabethan manner—a striking Ascot ensemble

TO COMMEMORATE the burning at St. Andrews of Paul Kravar, the fifteenth-century Bohemian philosopher who was condemned as a heretic, a special service was held at St. Andrew's University Chapel last week when prominent Czechoslovakian churchmen took part in the proceedings. The procession is seen leaving the University for the chapel headed by the mace-bearers, Sir James C. Irvine, the principal, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Soucek, Senior President of the Evangelical Church of Czechoslovakia, and Professor Zilka of Prague University



"GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT": Oxford has now broken up for the summer recess and will not officially re-assemble until October. These undergraduates of Keble College are seen putting away some of the books they will not require during the coming weeks

SIGHTSEERS WATCHING LAST WEEK'S MEDWAY BARGE RACE FROM THE DECK OF A PLEASURE STEAMER: The coasters, *Will Everard* and *Greenhithe*, collided during last Saturday's 35-mile race from Gillingham to the Mouse Lighthouse and back. A strong wind resulted in a close contest which was won in good time by the barge *Phœnician*. On the previous Thursday a similar race took place in the Thames Estuary, but an almost total absence of wind turned the event into little more than a drifting match, and the fleet became so strung out that the boats were compelled to turn for home on reaching Southend



KING FEISAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The Royal visitor shaking hands with Dr. Foxley-Norris, Dean of Westminster, on arrival at the Abbey on Tuesday afternoon to lay a wreath of Flanders' poppies on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior

PEOPLE In the Public Eye

OFF ON A 2,000-MILE DRIVE: Sir Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the Automobile Association, shaking hands with Miss Bradley, before she left London with her father, Mr. W. F. Bradley (right) on a survey trip of the proposed London-to-Constantinople highway

AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE IN LONDON: Colonel W. E. Easterwood (second from left) with Miss Virginia Parrott of California, Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, M.P., his host, and Mrs. Easterwood at the House of Commons this week. Colonel Easterwood, who is making arrangements for a round-the-world non-stop flight, is seen wearing the hat which he has decorated with badges presented to him by famous airmen

MISS BARBARA HUTTON MARRIED: The heiress to the Woolworth millions and Prince Alexis Mdivani seen during their civil marriage in Paris on Tuesday. The religious ceremony according to the Russian rite was to take place on Thursday

SIGNING THE REGISTER: Prince Mdivani and Miss Barbara Hutton after their marriage by the Mayor of the 16th Arrondissement in Paris. The couple made a gift of £300 to the poor of the district

NATURE STUDIED ANEW

THE SYMBOL OF POETS, THE VICTIM OF EPICURES: An unusual camera study of a lark singing from the top of a fence post. This bird as a rule only raises its voice when soaring or descending. *Circle* — A common whitethroat feeding a fledgling. Its diet consists largely of insects and berries

DEFENDING THE NEST: An excellent study of a long-tailed tit. The nest is a beautifully-made oval structure of moss and wool covered on the outside with lichens and lined profusely with feathers. The tail of this bird is almost the same length as its body

A COCKNEY DEER IN VICTORIA PARK

The deer seen in this picture with its father and mother was born recently in the deer paddock in Victoria Park. It is proving a great attraction among visitors

AN OLD ARABIC INSCRIPTION AT A BAGHDAD OIL DUMP: One of the few remaining relics of the city's romantic past which the Iraq Government is now attempting to reclaim from its undignified setting

IRAQ'S FRONTIER FORCE TROOPERS: Mounted members of King Feisal's efficient army which to-day is the envy of the Middle East. Their training was supervised by British officers and the army built up during our recent administration. *Right*—King Feisal

MONARCH of BAGHDAD

An Intimate Pen Portrait of King Feisal

By SYED JAMALADDIN

Feisal, the King of Iraq, is now in London on a State visit, but do not pretend that you know him. You may have lived in Mesopotamia, may even have dined with this Arab monarch in Baghdad or during one of his many English visits, but you cannot know him or his country. The reason is plain, for both the King and the kingdom are "self-created," and thus, not being normal manifestations, this incomprehensibility is evident.

In order, therefore, to know King Feisal, you have to live his life for the last thirty years, so to speak, and observe the various developments of the man's colossal achievements.

A generation ago, in the awe-inspiring court of Sultan Abdul Hamid, notice a lithe Arab youth with golden Agal and Kafiya on his head and wearing a robe of best Mecca silk, standing at attention on the right of the throne. The last Commander of the Faithful was proud of the noble demeanour of this desert-born lad, who represented his father at the capital of the Turkish Empire, for Feisal's diplomatic training goes back to the early years of this century.

Feisal sees the Sultanate totter and fall, and the standard of the Commander of the Faithful grasped by his father at Mecca.

Then the war finds him with Lawrence, the mystery man of England, and let the world see some unbelievable episodes of desert history worked out by these two most wondrous men of our time.

If since then Feisal has never been out of the political limelight, it was not that he sought publicity, but that he was making the dream of an Arab Empire come true.

Later, at the Peace Treaty, we see him make a definite mark in world diplomacy in refusing to sign the instrument, because it outraged the claims of his father. Then his all but effective establishment as a King of the Syrians, his various conferences in Paris, London, and Berlin are notable examples of that finished art of diplomacy which only the highest officials of European Chancelleries can know: whilst his final effort is a story of the astonishing career of a man who, besides being a diplomat and a soldier, has the vision and capacity to raise a few forlorn and bankrupt Walayats from the ashes of the past into a flourishing kingdom, with a future such as the Fatimad Dynasty might well envy.

My first meeting with him was in a European environment, when as a king without a throne he was very much the protégé of the British Government.

He talked with the cultured grace of the Arab nobility; gentle, meek, and yet fully conscious of the dignity of his race.

"You ask me about the future of Arabia," he said to me. I well recollect his words as they dropped ever so slowly from his lips, that I thought he was measuring every one of them. "Yes," he continued, "at the moment you might think it is in the melting pot. But we hold the keys of an Arab Empire!"

To say the least, his words, uttered as they were at a time when Final Awards of the War were supposed to have been fixed for ever, attested to the inborn Arab trait of mind to stick to its property as a national heirloom, even though its prestige was fast slipping from his hands; for who could have foretold that Iraq would be an Independent State, if the undaunted spirit of Feisal had not determinedly followed its goal?

Feisal is one of the greatest political seers of his time. He quarrels with no one, bargains with all; and, being honest and confident of his capacity to build, can generally get his way more readily than half-a-dozen twice his age.

Looking a little more closely into the more human atmosphere of his life and work, you can do no better than to see him dressed in plus-fours taking his constitutional when on his way to his brother's house in Baghdad.

As you take a river motor-launch to Karata-Maryam near the Maud Bridge over the Euphrates, you would notice the outer wall of a courtyard sheer upon the bank of the river in Baghdad. Inside it stands an unpretentious, double-storied house with many latticed windows. It is the place where lives the ex-King Ali, the elder brother of the King of Baghdad, and it is in the drawing-room of this house that you would see King Feisal as his real self when he is visiting his exiled brother.

Through the windows of that house I could see the palms swaying.

"There—you see them?" King Feisal pointed to some Bedouin women and children picking their way to their far off desert encampment: "There are the people for whom I work. All they need is education."

(*Continued on p.* 506)

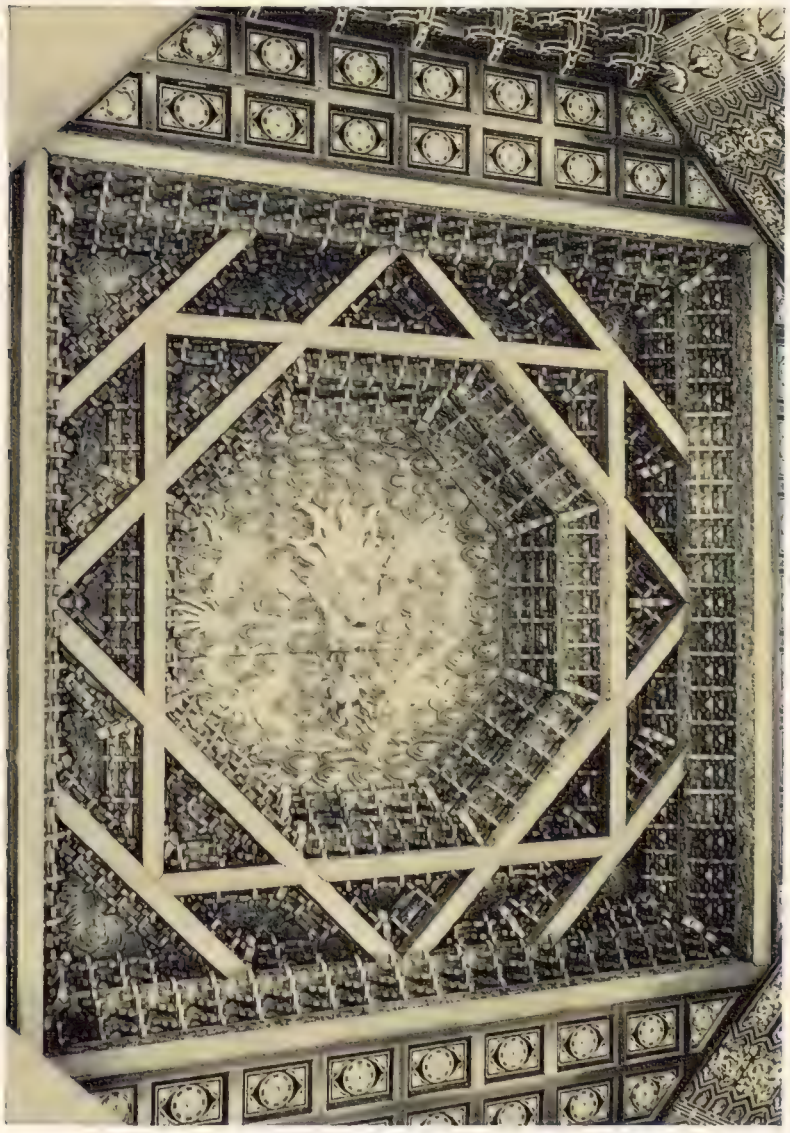
THE PATRIARCH: While Westernisation has proceeded apace in Baghdad, farming practice in Iraq remains in many parts as primitive as it was in biblical times. This harvester is seen working at Mosul on the banks of the Tigris

A PRODUCT OF OCCIDENTAL INFLUENCE: A class in session in one of the up-to-date lecture-rooms of the Royal College of Medicine, Baghdad. Note the porcelain post-mortem table in front of the lecturer

THE GOLDEN PAVILION OF JEHOL

Reconstructed in Chicago

THE MAGNIFICENT REPLICA OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION STANDING IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR: This replica is a gift to the Fair from Mr. Vincent Bendix, the millionaire industrialist, who commissioned Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, to bring to Chicago a copy of the finest existing example of Chinese architecture. The pavilion, "the most beautiful Lama temple in China," was copied faithfully by North Chinese architects and artisans and shipped to Chicago in 28,000 pieces. The roof is of copper shingles covered with gold leaf and the pillars are of red lacquer



THE CEILING OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION: The exquisite multi-coloured architectural tracery adorning the temple

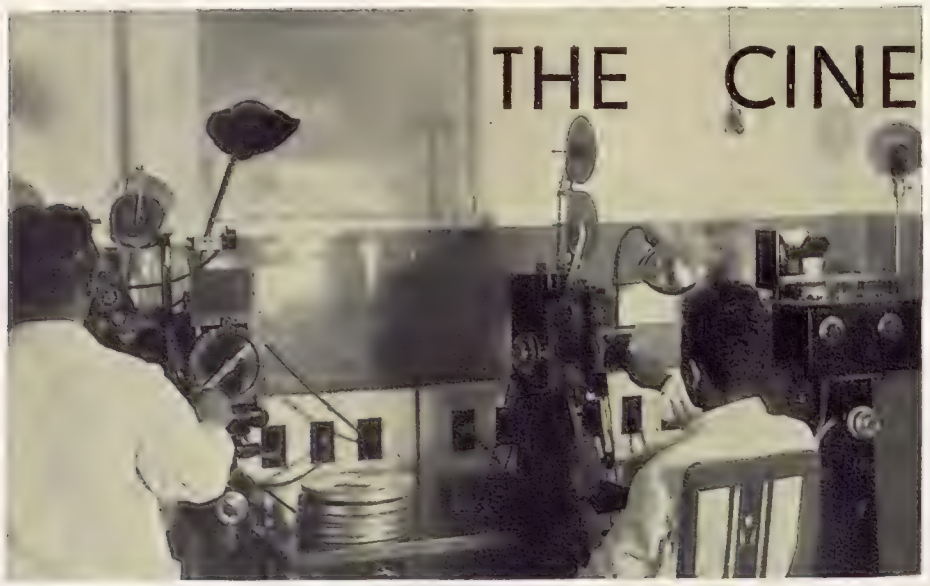
THE PATRON SAINT OF TIBET: The image of Avalokitesvara on its stone throne in the Golden Pavilion surrounded by an array of sacred objects

Visitors to the Chicago World's Fair, now in progress on the foreshore of Lake Michigan, are fortunate in being able to see a magnificent reconstruction of the Golden Pavilion at Jehol. The illustrations on this page show the completeness of the detail in which Dr. Sven Hedin has carried out the work of reproduction entrusted to him. In this temple is crystallized all that was most perfect in the Lamaistic art of the East when the Manchu Emperors governed in China and their glory and their riches were still at their height. To-day the original temple, built in 1767, stands in a state of partial decay, its fate uncertain. With the coming of the Japanese to Jehol it may be that it will be restored in all its former magnificence. It is to be hoped so. At any rate it could hardly suffer worse neglect than it did in recent Chinese times. Meanwhile Dr. Hedin has made his replica of the original, and during the next few months the western world will be able to see and appreciate in comfort what until now has, to the white man, been the goal of long journeyings and the Mecca only of the experienced traveller

THE CINEMA IN JAPAN

Where Kissing is Taboo and Censorship Restricts the Modern Scenario Writer—Country Cinemas Without Seats, and Tickets Six Inches Long

By R. V. C. BODLEY



AT THE PHOTO CHEMICAL LABORATORY, TOKYO: Projecting apparatus in Japan's most famous studio

There are to-day in Japan 1,485 picture theatres (the majority of which are in Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto), and some eighteen studios where films are produced and recorded for Japanese consumption.

Of these studios the most modern is the Photo Chemical Laboratory near Tokyo, usually known as the P.C.L., which was completed in June 1932 at a cost of 300,000 yen. The object of this company is to supply the most up-to-date recording theatres and apparatus to those film-producing concerns in Japan which are badly equipped or have no means of making first class pictures, and also to allow foreign film makers to stage anything they wish in Japan without having to bring with them all their paraphernalia from Europe or America.

What makes the P.C.L. studios most interesting to a foreigner is that the whole of the building, plant, apparatus, etc., are of Japanese conception and Japanese make. The people of Japan are wonderful at copying anything from a tweed cap to a Diesel engine, so that they have been able to take all the best points from America's and Britain's moving picture industry, study them, improve on them, and finally produce as good material as abroad.

It is a revelation of Japanese engineering ability to spend a day with the directors of the P.C.L., and though obviously proud of their achievement, there is no atmosphere of self-satisfaction and distinct gratification at a few words of praise.

The Japanese, though interested in foreign pictures, have not sufficient knowledge of other languages really to appreciate a talkie made abroad, and though an announcer stands in a kind of pulpit beside the screen, in each foreign picture house, whence he interprets what the characters are saying, the result is not very satisfactory. As, moreover, the British and Americans in Japan cannot muster together more than 4,000 people, the Germans a quarter of that number, and the French only a few hundreds, this public cannot be taken into consideration, and the majority of picture houses show Japanese films.

These films are divided into two categories: the historic or costume plays made up from legends and classical dramas adapted to the screen and usually silent, though often very fine in theme and well acted, and the modern stories which usually deal with student life with rather obvious and little developed love plots, and not comparable to any foreign production. As a matter of fact this is not entirely the scenario writer's fault as, owing to a very strict censorship, nothing inclined to be *risqué* can be shown, and even in productions from overseas cuts are made and drawn-out kisses curtailed.

This kiss complex with the Japanese is at first sight incomprehensible to strangers to Japan until it is understood that this public mode of expressing affection is a Western habit, and is regarded by Orientals as immodest as a most intimate bedroom scene, so much so, that the foreigners who embrace on parting or meeting at railway stations are stared at with consternation by the Japanese on the platform. In view of the fact that the Japanese admit licensed quarters into which young girls are sold by their parents and where they remain until they can buy themselves out, and think nothing of mixed bathing in the hot springs which are found all over Japan in Nature's garb, this apparent prudishness is difficult to understand; the explanation probably being that the licensed quarters are necessary evils to which reference is not made in polite society, and the nude body being nothing to be ashamed of can be exposed by either sex for the purpose of washing, whereas kissing in public is merely a flaunting of sensuality. It is nevertheless disconcerting for a foreigner to leave a picture theatre where he has seen practically all kissing cut out, and return to his inn to find the maid following him into the bathroom in order to scrub his back, and if he is in the remote parts of the country to meet Japanese ladies splashing water over themselves regardless of his presence!

EXTERIOR OF THE P.C.L. STUDIOS AND LABORATORIES: This Tokyo Company makes a speciality of providing Japanese film-producing concerns with up-to-date equipment and of assisting visiting foreign companies in staging productions. The studio is planned on Western lines and very largely imitates its Hollywood prototypes

FROM A JAPANESE FILM: A love scene from an historical drama. This type of film is extremely popular among Japanese cinema goers

A JAPANESE STAR in the P.C.L. studios with members of the orchestra and directing staff

The big cinemas in all the important towns of Japan are fitted with seats of the European pattern; the general atmosphere is quite Western. Where there is a great difference with other parts of the world is the length and hour of showing each session. The Japanese are hard-working, early-rising people, getting up as soon as it is light, breakfasting not long after, lunching between eleven and twelve, and dining any time after five p.m., with the result that they are ready for bed before ten. Even in cities like Tokyo most of the cafés and restaurants close at eleven and everything is finished by midnight. In the towns, therefore, cinemas begin the last session of their series of films at about five and invariably show two complete pictures with news and cartoons in addition, many giving three complete pictures, while in rural districts a session will continue for hours, lasting sometimes a whole afternoon with three or four complete films.

I remember once finding myself on a walking tour in a rather remote village of Japan and rain having set in determined that it would be better to remain under shelter for that day. I had nothing to read so I betook myself to the local picture house, and having left my shoes with an attendant at the door, rather as at home I would have left my hat, paid 25 sen (about 3d.) for the best seat, and was issued with a wooden ticket some six inches long, covered with ideographic characters, and two cushions. I was then led by a lady in a colourful kimono into a kind of vast barn beautifully matted with rice straw tatami, but virgin of seats, settled myself on the floor and watched the screen.

I saw three pictures before cramp made me leave, two of which were splendid tales of long ago, with Samurai and Ronins in magnificent clothes and carrying great two-handed swords with which they fought interminable battles against half-a-dozen adversaries at once, whose chivalry never permitted them to attack the hero from behind, or ever break the rules of Japanese sword play with a cut and slash which would have ended the contest in a few minutes. The third film was a modern story which was rather complicated and more difficult to understand than the costume piece. Most of the characters came to violent ends, including the heroine, who, at the end of the play, after she had been reconciled to her husband, unexpectedly plunged a huge dagger into her abdomen and committed hara-kiri, suicide being regarded in Japan as the only sensible and honourable solution to all problems. The films were all silent, but an announcer in a pulpit spoke the various parts, modifying his voice according to the sex of the characters. During the intervals girls came round with complete Japanese dinners in boxes which the audience bought and merrily eat with chopsticks, there being no restaurant in the theatre itself as in Tokyo or Osaka.

It is interesting to note, however, that though the films have taken an important place in the life of modern Japan they have by no means reduced the popularity of the old-fashioned theatres which, in spite of comparatively high prices for seats, are always filled with enthusiastic audiences who often sit for eight hours (with short intervals for food) listening to historic dramas, many of which they almost know by heart.

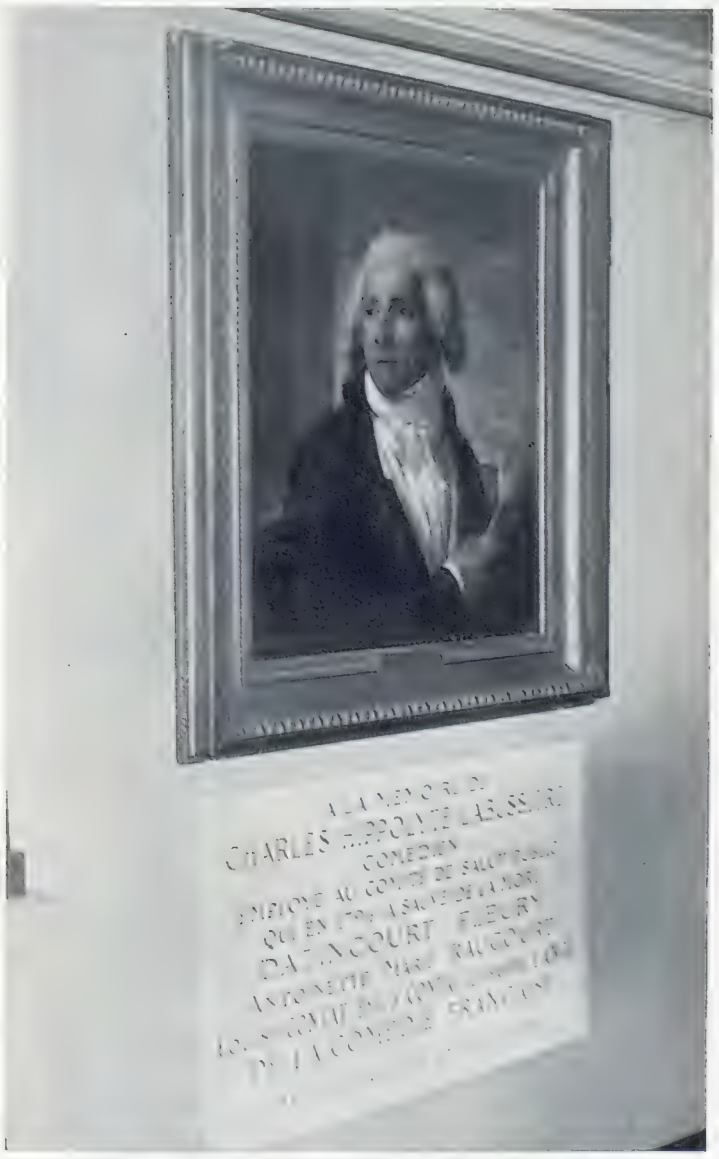
The acting and costumes, both on the legitimate stage and in the historic dramas of the screen, are magnificent and it is a surprise to me that foreign film impresarios do not come to Japan and adapt the words of these epics for production in Europe and America. I am certain that they would be as much appreciated by all lovers of romantic drama.

A POPULAR Japanese star of to-day

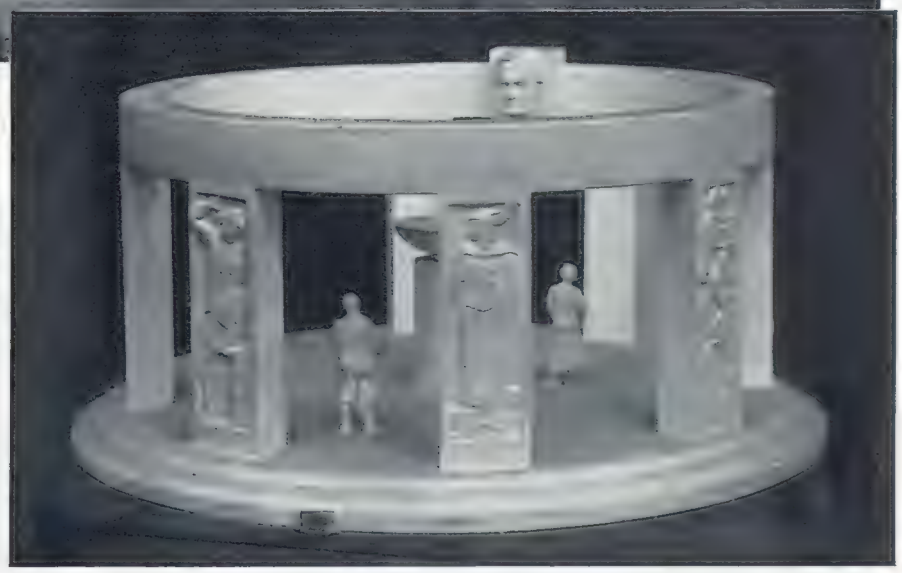
A PAGE OF HISTRIONIC HISTORY

Pergamon in Berlin—A Wagner Memorial—Labussière the Liberator

OPERA WITH A CLASSICAL BACKGROUND: A scene during the presentation of the Gluck opera, *Iphigenie in Aulis*, on the altar steps of the Pergamon Museum in Berlin. This famous museum contains one of the largest extant collections of Grecian art of Asia Minor, including the magnificent altar frieze from the Acropolis of Pergamon. It forms a perfect background for the presentation of the opera

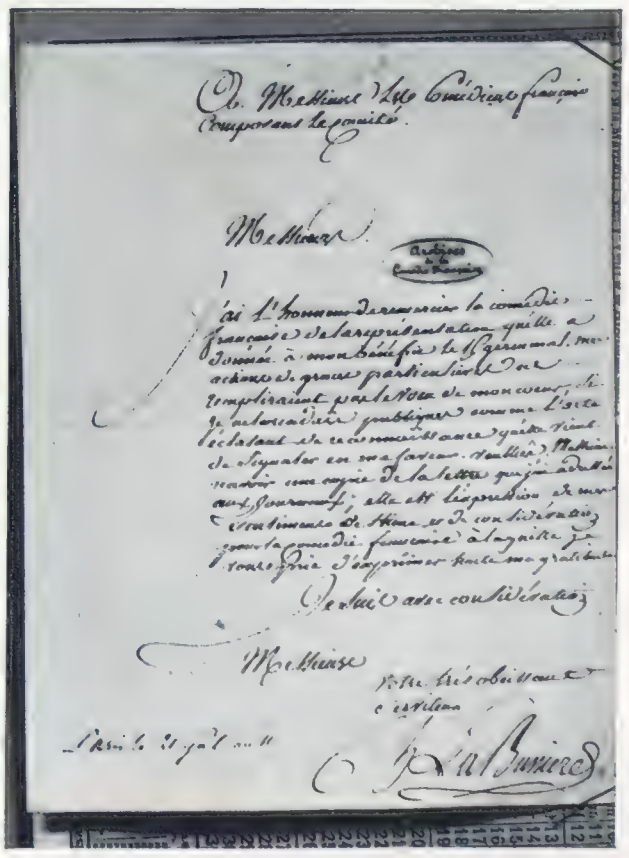


COMMEMORATING A ROYALIST HERO OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: The portrait and tablet which were recently unveiled in the foyer of the Comédie Française, Paris, in memory of Charles Labussière, who saved many of his fellow actors from the guillotine in the days of the French Revolution



A NEW WAGNER MEMORIAL: Professor Josef Mueller's model of the memorial which is shortly to be erected in Vienna. The great composer died in Bayreuth on February 13, 1833, and his anniversary is this year being marked by special celebrations

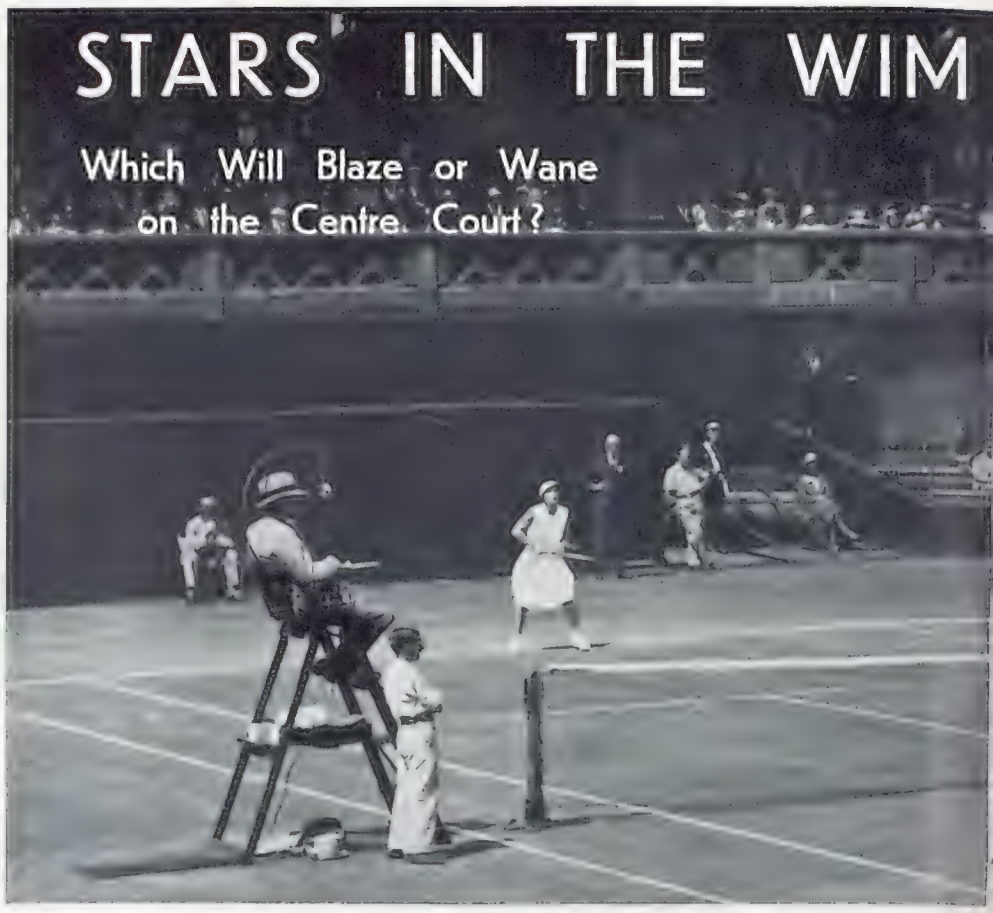
On right—
A LABUSSIÈRE RELIC: A letter addressed by the actor to his fellow performers thanking them for a production they staged for his benefit. Labussière belonged to the famous company of the Comédie Française and during the French Revolution was employed by the Committee of Public Safety, the all-powerful tribunal responsible for despatching opponents of the new regime to the guillotine. His work involved handling the documents condemning prisoners to death. Whenever he came across the name of a friend he conveniently mislaid the dossier. Scores were saved in this way and apparently Robespierre and his colleagues were too intent on the wholesale slaughter to verify whether or not all the condemned had met their fate



CHAMPION OF FRANCE: Miss Margaret Scriven whose surprise victory over Madame Mathieu in the final of the French Women's Singles Championship at Auteuil has placed her in the very front rank of British players

STARS IN THE WIM

Which Will Blaze or Wane on the Centre Court?



Another Wimbledon is upon us with its volleys on the court—and in print! Judging from the performances this year, it is the most "open" Wimbledon since the War.

Of the men, there are Crawford, whom all the knowing ones are tipping for the championship; Cochet, who has disappointed sadly of late years; Vines, whose reputation has not been enhanced by his last year's play; Satoh, a last four man last year and the recent victor over Perry in Paris; de Stefani, the ambidextrous, who also defeated our No. 1; "Bunny" Austin, whose classic strokes need only a second more of pace to make him a world-beater; Perry, perhaps the most erratic (save Crawford) of the top-notchers; Gledhill, an American as yet unseen over here and, possibly—and how Wimbledon hopes for it!—Borotra.

It is fantastic for anyone to regard the Basque as a spent force. He ranks himself as a veteran, too old for the singles game; he is preoccupied with business; he flies to and from Paris, and has been known to dance into the wee sma' hours. But when the world was ringing with pæans of praise in honour of Vines, immediately after his victory last year, THE SPHERE stated that the Borotra of four or five years before would have so hustled him with an intensive volleying campaign that his already great percentage of errors—Vines always goes out for his stroke—would be increased to his defeat. Within a month Paris had yelled itself to dumbness when it saw the Borotra of four or five years before play with bleeding feet, to beat with sheer pace and uncanny volleying the whirlwind drives of the American. He fainted afterwards in the dressing-room—but he had won the Davis Cup for his beloved France.

A VISITOR FROM DOWN UNDER: J. H. Crawford, the Australian, whose decisive victory in the final of the French Championships has made him a firm favourite for Wimbledon

MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS: A courageous and attractive player who has a good chance of reaching the last eight in the Women's Singles

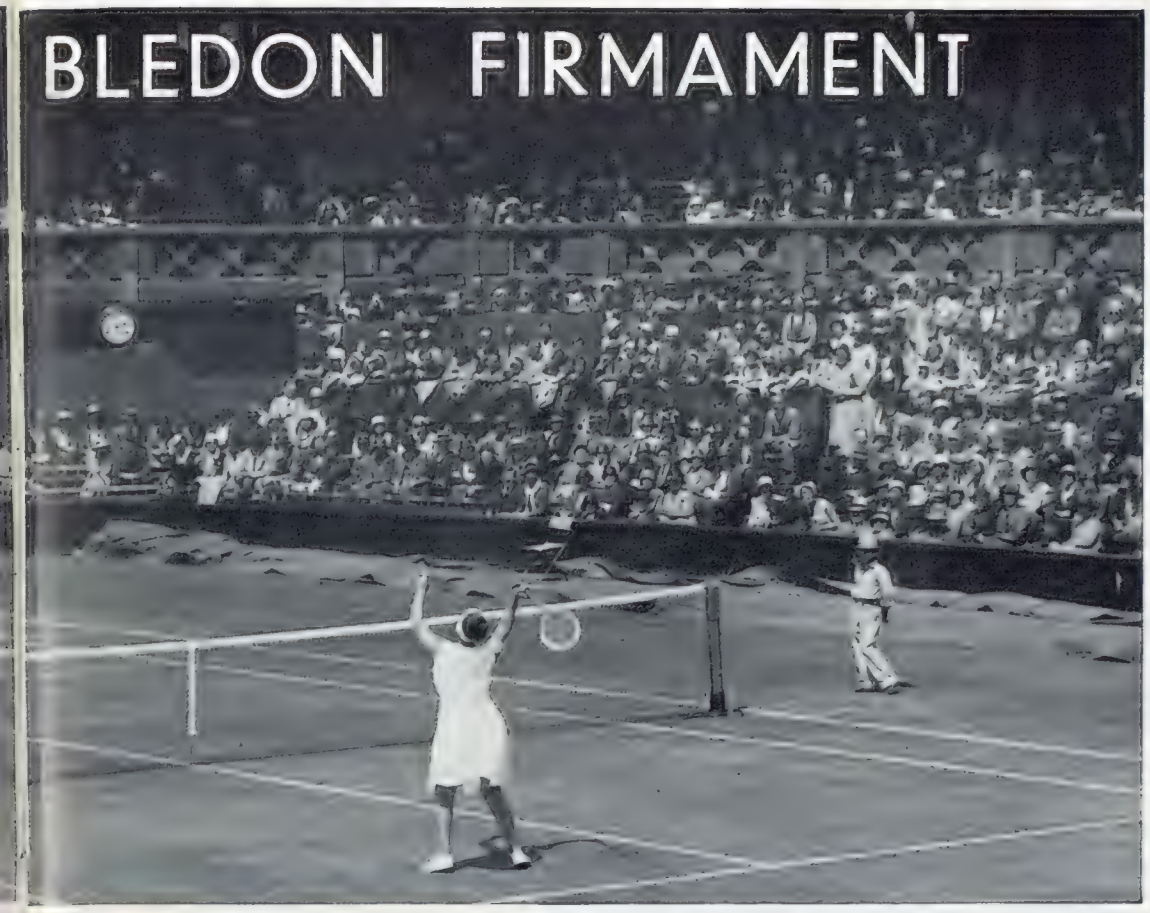
Cochet will either go down to an indifferent player—did not I. G. Collins, never regarded as an exponent of singles, "out" him last year?—or, playing in the final, win. His price, I should put at sixes against. Vines, after his trouncing in Australia, has lengthened to tens. "Bunny" Austin, unless he can find his touch at once, will in all probability go down in the semi-final or the final, but, I greatly fear, after watching him closely last year, go down he will. Crawford is probably the most deceptive player in the world. He has the indolence of Oliff, but, on his day, is superb. He can hit as hard as most, but his rhythm, his anticipation, and his incredible ball control cause him to be underrated by all save the discerning. He makes things look too easy! But he is erratic. Call him three to one.

Of Perry I hesitate to write. That he is a fine player, none can deny; that he is a fighter, none can doubt; but his temperament—and his temper—are both

LAST YEAR'S FINALIST: H. W. Austin, the outstanding British player of last year's championship and, when in form, one of the most classical performers in the game

THE BOUNDING BASQUE: Jean Borotra, the world's most popular tennis star, seen at Wimbledon. His victory over Vines in the final of last year's Davis Cup was one of the most sensational tennis events of the year

BLEDON FIRMAMENT



THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON: A Singles match in progress in the world's most famous tennis arena

THE AMBIDEXTROUS ITALIAN: G. de Stefani, one of Italy's Davis Cup players and a Wimbledon Singles contender of several seasons who beat F. J. Perry at Eastbourne

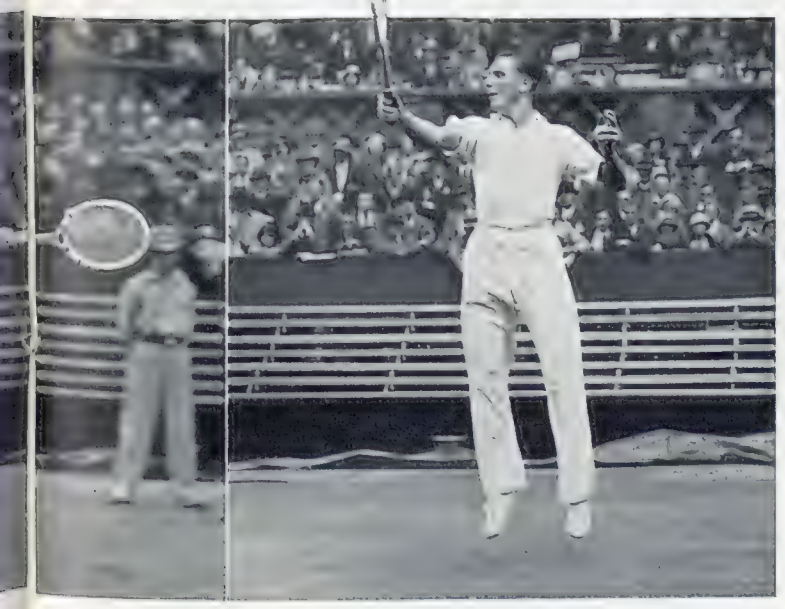
liable to ruin his game. One cannot forget the regrettable scene in the H. G. N. Lee match this year, nor the lamentable performance in the first set of the doubles finals last year when he was playing with Hughes, nor the antagonism with which he inspired the Paris crowd in his game with Satoh last month. One can only hope that he will not be hissed by an English crowd—nor give them cause to hiss him. I place his odds at twos. Satoh—shall we say sevens? He is a typically Japanese player: high praise, for Schmidzu came from the Empire of the Rising Sun: imperturbable, undismayed, and, though he has not the Gascon charm, as good a sportsman as ever stepped on the court. It is a pity, by the way, that those who are not Gascons by birth, breeding, or temperament should try to ape those d'Artagnan gestures of Borotra whom, if he play, I put at evens; he will be playing for France.

The women? Margaret Scriven or Helen Wills—that is the question! Will the rock-like steadiness of the champion prevail against the furious forehand and awkwardly produced but effective backhand of that lone hand that won the game in Paris? Candidly, I think it will; but what a match! Of "Betty" and "Eileen," least said soonest mended: they so seldom come off. Kathleen Stammers is attractive and courageous, but I do not see her farther than the last eight for all her forehand. Dorothy Round? A certain semi-finalist on form, but her shoulder is not what it should be, otherwise I should put her in the last three. Madame Mathieu I also put as a semi-finalist.

There are many players to watch, even though their chance of appearing in the finals or the semi's is outside the realms of calculation. Take note of G. de Stefani's ambidexterity—he plays forehand all the time and, when his first service goes in, juggles the spare ball and his racket with fantastic ingenuity: there is young McGrath of Australia, still in his teens, and an almost certain future champion, whose backhand, hit with both hands on the racket, is by far his stronger wing; Menzel of Czechoslovakia will show you just how much spin a ball will take; Lyttleton-Rogers of Ireland, especially in doubles, never seems to be watching the ball, but seldom fails to hit it; V. G. Kirby of South Africa exploits a fine, forcing, all-court game; Joan Ridley, in doubles and in singles, is a brilliant exponent of the lob when in difficulties; H. L. de Morpurgo will prove how hard he can hit; and Cochet will demonstrate how he can—but you cannot—violate every principle of play with triumphant success.

One last word. Those who cherish memories of Suzanne will only hope that the £10,000 for which she stipulates will not be forthcoming to produce what would be a travesty of the Suzanne of old to play Helen Wills-Moody. She is enshrined in tennis hearts as incomparable; let her be content with her niche.

What remains? The doubles? The teams are not yet out. But Hughes and Perry for the men's, Mlles Metaxa and Sigart for the women's—if playing. And the mixed? Wait for the teams to be announced! G. H. W. R.



F. J. PERRY: The backbone of Britain's Davis Cup Team both in Singles and Doubles. One of the most erratic of the star players with a fine command of strokes both off the ground and in the air

THE CHAMPION: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody who will defend her Wimbledon title for the sixth time. The smooth certainty of her strokes and the strength of her volleying outweigh her lack of pace about the court

MRS. WILLS-MOODY IN ACTION: The champion has already played a number of practice games on British courts and seems certain to retain her title for at least another season

MR. AND MRS. ELY CULBERTSON signing the contract for the forthcoming Anglo-American bridge contest at Grosvenor House

BRIDGE AS A BUSINESS

How Ely Culbertson, the Genius of the American Bridge World, has Turned His Skill to Profit and Laid the Foundations of a Considerable Fortune as a Writer, Broadcaster, and Teacher of His Famous System

By CHARLES GRAVES

Ely Culbertson, the storm-thrush of the bridge world, is regarded by most people merely as an erratic genius with an uncontrollable flair for creating scenes. This is a very one-sided aspect of a man who has—out of a mere card game—built up an enormously successful business organization during a period when bank presidents have been arrested, colossal trusts have failed, and kings have been exiled.

"I make a million dollars gross profit every year," he told his publicity man exultingly in a taxi-cab last week, and that has nothing to do, mind you, with his actual bridge winnings.

Ely Culbertson works sixteen hours a day with unabated enthusiasm. He edits and controls magazines in England and the United States. He writes books. He syndicates articles. He writes scenarios and he broadcasts—all about bridge. Above all, he has an organization of several thousand teachers of his system, all of whom pay to have lessons and then pay again for their certificates of efficiency. In America he has 3,500. In England, so far, 150. There are hundreds more in France, Italy, and elsewhere on the Continent.

At the moment he is rushing about from Paris to Rome and back again arranging teachers' conventions, exhibition matches, and all the rest of it. Bridge with him is a business, not a hobby. The first Culbertson Teachers' Convention will be held in London on July 25, 26, and 27, just after the Schwab Cup match between the American team led by himself and the English team. The Convention will last three days. It is an intensive course of coaching (for a fee), and the ten that have been held in the United States so far have been attended in the aggregate by literally thousands of people. A typical programme is that of the first day when Culbertson will lecture on Plastic Valuation from 10.30 to 1 p.m. with only a fifteen minutes' break, and then after half an hour's talk by an unnamed expert he will lecture on opening bids and the play of the dummy from 3.15 to 5.30, after which he and his wife will spend an hour receiving the teachers and answering their questions.

There are two types of Teaching Certificates in use in the Culbertson organizations both in the United States and in England. One is a white certificate, the other is a blue certificate; both have to be paid for. There is also a written examination made by all teachers who obtain certificates. These examination papers are compiled by Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson. They are applied for by the teacher holding the white certificate to the British Bridge headquarters, and at the time of application the name and address of the prospective teacher for whom the paper is to be used and the approximate date of his or her taking the examination are submitted.

A charge is made by the studios for the cost of the examination paper, too. This charge is credited in favour of the teacher holding the blue certificate when he or she attends a Teachers' Convention with the object of obtaining a white certificate. It is not compulsory for the blue certificate holder to attend a convention and obtain a white certificate, but in most cases they do.

Here are the first three questions in last year's questionnaire:—

1.—State in your own words—
   (*a*) The approach principle.
   (*b*) Give the forcing bids.

2.—Give the complete table of honour tricks including the plus values.

3.—(*a*) Explain the rule of 8 (the yard stick).
   (*b*) How should the rule of 8 be applied in estimating the number of honour tricks held by the opponent?
   (*c*) Give the 4–5–5½ count.
   (*d*) Over partner's opening suit bid of one, how many honour tricks are required to call; one no trump? two no trump? three no trump?

But what sort of a man is this Ely Culbertson? Well, he is tall, angular, anæmic, and restless. It is surprising that he is able to sit through a rubber of bridge. As a matter of fact he seldom does so. He has a steady blue-grey eye, a favourite expression "Gee, that's swell," a spluttering mouth, and great aggressiveness when he is on the warpath; but he can be actually very charming. He smokes like a furnace, is a teetotaller, and seems to live on nothing but smoked salmon for breakfast, lunch and dinner. He also takes a good deal of bicarbonate of soda.

Few people have had a more extraordinary life than he, the founder of the theory and practice of modern contract bridge, who revolutionized bridge for the experts and dramatized it for the millions. He is forty-one. His father was an American mining engineer of Scottish descent in Russia. His mother was the daughter of a General from the Caucasian Mountains. From her he gets his somewhat Slavonic cast of countenance. At the age of sixteen he spoke seven languages and wrote his first novel. He took an active part in the first Russian revolution before the War in the Mexican revolution, in the World War, and in more recent upheavals in Europe, and at the bridge table.

His family property having been confiscated by the Bolsheviks, he returned to America in 1921 hoping to become possibly a Professor of Economics. It is said that at this time he even did some dish washing. Then he met his wife, who was well known as the greatest bridge player alive. They married, and spent their entire honeymoon in writing a book on bridge which at the end turned out to be far too complicated to be successful.

As a practical player he has won more national and international championships than any other player to-day, and yet the experts say that though the Culbertson system is the best, he himself is by no means a flawless practitioner of it. His army of teachers teach the Culbertson system to 1,000,000 players every year, and over 200 newspapers carry daily articles on bridge by him and his wife.

Culbertson claims that he has never forgotten any significant hand that he has played in his life. In actual fact he has a shorthand typist who writes a descriptive account of everything he does and everything he says in every exhibition match in which he plays. The reason why he does not make even more money out of bridge is due to the fact that in the past it has been impossible to charge gate money, because an insufficient number of people can be given good enough seats to make it worth while. However, he has brought with him from America a new electrical machine which cost £160 merely in Customs duties on the way into this country. I do not know much about it, but it is an automatic scoring machine which can tell a large audience exactly what is going on, and it ought to increase very largely the possibilities of large crowds paying admission fees to attend exhibition bridge matches.

Culbertson is very dogmatic. Like all big men he can see only his own point of view. He makes instantaneous decisions. He never changes his mind. His wife never argues nor says a word over the bridge table or anywhere else, although there is usually a row going on. They say it was she who taught him bridge. They have two children, aged five and four. If you ask him Culbertson will tell you that he has already taught both of them bridge. He has a ten-year plan for their education which will prevent them from ever being afraid of anything. He says that fear and a sense of balance are the two strongest points in one's make-up and that the one must be eradicated and the other developed. After the ten-years' plan he proposes to have another ten years' plan for them. I am glad I am not either Fifi or Bruce.

Many stories are told of him. One of the best was that of the effort of the four Marx brothers to play a match with the Culbertsons. Zeppo asked them to a strictly private friendly match, and the invitation was accepted. The first thing the Culbertsons knew on their arrival was that Zeppo, Harpo, Chico, and Groucho had invited more than 300 stars, directors, and executives to watch. They had thirty flashlight photographers and a hundred reporters present to announce to the world that a match even greater than the Culbertson v. Lenz match was in the making. This led to the horrified retreat of the Culbertsons from Hollywood. It was subsequently discovered that one of the Marx brothers, of whom there are five, had rigged up a watch tower from where, with a telescope, he was to observe the match and manipulate the stop and go signals to the players.

The match for the Schwab Cup, which is the Davis Cup of the bridge world, takes place on July 17. The English players are Sir Guy Domville and Messrs. Mayer, Renshaw, Tabbush, Matheson, and Morris. It will go on until midnight on Saturday. There will be 300 hands, twenty-five to a session. Each evening after midnight Culbertson will be working until 3.30 a.m. on the concluding chapters of his new book on bridge, bringing them up to date. The book will be rushed out within a day or two afterwards.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS: Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson playing against Mr. Sidney Lenz and Mr. Oswald Jacoby in a typical Marathon bridge contest at the Chatham Hotel, New York, when the two teams put their respective systems of play to the test over 150 rubbers

CORPUS CHRISTI
in Berlin
WITH THE ARMY
in India

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIAL AT THE CORPUS CHRISTI CELEBRATIONS IN BERLIN: Nuns kneeling during last week's service which was attended by Vice-Chancellor von Papen and other Ministers of the German Cabinet. The festival was instituted in 1264 and is the most elaborate of the Roman Catholic year

FRONLEICHNAMSFEST: A general view of the crowd on Unter den Linden during the celebration of Mass in the open air on Corpus Christi Day in Berlin

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF REVIEWS INDIA'S FRONTIER FORCES: Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode K.C.B., at Mardan, North-west Frontier Province, taking the salute at the march past of a squadron of the 8th King George's Own Light Cavalry

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE "DUMPIES": Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode with the remaining members of the 19th Royal Hussars. The Regiment was recently amalgamated with the 15th under the title of the 15th Royal Hussars. The strange nickname of "Dumpies" arose from the fact that the men taken over by the 19th in the early days from the East India Company's 1st Bengal European Cavalry were of outstandingly diminutive stature

PAMPLONA CATHEDRAL: A glimpse of the Gothic structure which dates from 1397

THE FIESTAS of PAMPLONA

In this Little City of Navarre where for a Few Hectic Days in June the Spanish National Sport of Bull-fighting Holds Undisputed Sway and Hundreds of Young Men try their 'Prentice Hands as Matadors

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON

Every year in the month of June my Continental friends greet me with the question: "Are you going down to Pamplona?" Usually I am obliged to shake my head regretfully, but occasionally I find it possible to attend the liveliest fête in Europe. For I know nothing that can compare in animation and in colour with the festivities of this little city of Navarre.

At present there is a political crisis in Spain; but it is not towards Madrid that the thoughts of the Spaniards turn. Pamplona, for a few hectic days, is the true capital; it is the centre and the peak of the bull-fighting which, despite all changes, remains the national sport and spectacle.

Once I went to Spain while it was in the throes of a revolution. Revolutions are not, of course, the wild upheavals we imagine; the lurid pictures of Carlyle have misled us. There are a few feverish incidents; but, for the most part, revolutions, in my experience at any rate—and my experience is confirmed by that of a man who has gone through seventeen revolutions—are outwardly tame affairs. London on the day of the Cup Final was just as excited as Madrid in the revolutionary days. The Cortes, which had not sat for years, was assembling. That, one would have supposed, was an event which would absorb all interest. But no; I found my acquaintances rushing away, chiefly anxious to secure their places at the feast of San Fermin in Pamplona.

And yet, somehow, I have come across very little writing about Pamplona. Burgos, Valladolid, Salamanca, Segovia, the Escorial, Toledo, Cordoba, Seville, and the rest have been celebrated hundreds of times; and I daresay it is true that Seville is really the home of the bull-fight. Yet the little Northern town has a certain informality that fascinates foreigners, as well as the whole population of the Northern provinces. It is crowded far beyond capacity, and many of the visitors are obliged to take up their quarters miles away from Pamplona and to run in daily.

It is difficult for the Britisher to understand the popularity of bull-fighting. From time to time it is said that football is catching on in the Peninsula; and so it is. But I can find no evidence that football, or any other game, has seriously diminished the Spaniard's love for tauromaquia. It has taken too deep roots to be pulled up in a few generations. You may not like it—it has aspects that are brutal and bloody—but at Pamplona you would discover that it is not its cruelty which appeals to the Spaniard; it is its skill and its risks. For here, though the matadors are cheered, young men and old, and even the girls take a hand in the game.

They are not content to be mere onlookers. The real sport of Pamplona is the driving of the bulls through the streets to the arena. Certainly there are barricades, though they appear flimsy enough, and the throngs stand behind them watching the brawny monsters pass, and critically examining their quality. They have an eye for the finer points. They can see at once whether a bull is brave, whether he has moral or physical defects; and like an operatic star he is applauded. On the whole, the sympathy and admiration of the connoisseurs go out to a promising toro just as much as to the torero. The real fun, however, is to climb over the barrier and do a little bull-fighting on one's own.

With all kinds of improvised capas, the young men run before the bull and attract his attention. Sometimes they display great dexterity, but usually they are compelled to throw dignity to the winds and run for dear life. For the bull, even in this processional career, is by no means a tame animal. His ire is easily aroused. If he is spirited, he will make a dash at the novice, and it is no joke to have more than half-a-ton of angry taurine flesh with pointed horns at one's heels. The spectators enjoy these improvizations; they are ready to approve a daring pass, and they are equally ready to laugh at the discomfiture of the ambitious amateur. There is a spirit of merriment in the festooned and beflagged town under the fierce Spanish sunshine, and everything provides an occasion for entertainment.

MÊLÉE: Bulls and bull-fighters indulging in a fierce combat at the main gate of Pamplona arena. Many of the young men taking part in the fiesta are quite unskilled but display considerable ingenuity in escaping serious injury

Yet it must not be supposed that there is no peril. Every year there are accidents, and sometimes comedies turn to tragedies. Those who defy danger must accept the consequences. Now and again the consequences are serious. Still, the attention of the bull is easily distracted, and the means of escape are plentiful. Ernest Hemingway, who is not only an aficionado—I have sat with him and heard his comments on every move in the ring—and who has not only written authoritatively on the art, but who is also ready to take his chance before the bull, was, a few years ago, knocked down and suffered a broken arm. There is something thrilling, I do not doubt, in avoiding the bull's rush by inches, but it is not so good if the rush is not avoided.

HOW PAMPLONA CELEBRATES THE FEAST OF SAN FERMIN: Amateur bull-fighters driving the bulls through the streets of the city before their appearance in the ring

The arrival of the bulls and their passage through the crowded streets are perhaps the most popular parts of the festivities; but the services of the most celebrated bull-fighters are engaged, and day after day they endeavour to put up the best possible show in these extraordinary fiestas. A star performer may appear a hundred times and more in the season; and though he is exceedingly well paid, it is inevitable that he should often be blasé and show indifference. He travels from Andalusia to Catalonia, from Valencia to the Asturias, and he is tired; and life becomes merely one bull-fight after another. Here he may be in good form and be carried off in triumph; there he may, despite his renown, be frankly booed—since the audiences are implacable—for a wretched exhibition. Lalanda, Ortega, Bienvenida, and the others are all sometimes bad and sometimes good; and even the great Bellonte had his off days. But for the fiestas of Pamplona they reserve their highest skill and courage. There, before these popular audiences, they cannot afford to fail. Their reputation may not be injured by a poor showing elsewhere; but if they do not rise to the heights of their opportunity on these special occasions, they inevitably sink in the esteem of the "fans."

In point of fact, they appear to do better than their best. The atmosphere is stimulating. There is an infection in the crowd which has a single thought. Other towns that they visit are usually pursuing their ordinary life; here everybody gives himself up to bull fighting. Everybody talks of toros and of toreros. There is no other subject. The old men are full of reminiscences, and compare the espadas of to-day with the espadas of yesterday—generally to the detriment of the espadas of to-day. The young men are reduced to comparing the espadas of to-day with one another. They prefer the style of one to the daring of another; or they may think some special trick more remarkable than mere elegance. It is the conversation of the streets and

(*Continued on p. 506*)

HEROES OF THE PAMPLONA BULL-RING: Marciel Lalanda (fourth from right) and Senor Chicuelo (extreme left), whose deeds in the bull-ring have won them nation-wide fame, seen with other prominent leaders of the sport in the Plaza de Toros, Pamplona

FLYING MATTERS

Even to the Very Young

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA THE DELIGHTS OF FLYING: An interior view of the "Gull" machine which the German Luft Hansa Company has converted for the use of children. Trips are being made in this unique craft over all the principal German airports

WINDOWS OF THE SKY: A party of German children about to take the air in the Luft Hansa machine. The twenty-five young passengers that are taken up with each flight are usually accompanied by a teacher and an official of the company who can answer technical questions

SAFETY FIRST: A Luft Hansa pilot strapping one of his charges to her seat before making a flight

A PROMISING START: Master Tony Porter piloting his model seaplane across the lake at Wentworth, Surrey. The model was built by his father and has a water speed of 10 knots

FILLING UP: Another view of the model seaplane at Wentworth. It is beautifully constructed. Note the tiny propeller

SHOWING HIM THE WORKS: The pilot points out the intricacies of the modern aeroplane

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD SHOWS HIS SKILL: Leslie Springburne taxi-ing in the baby 'plane constructed for him by his father. A two-stroke cycle engine provides the motive power of this unique craft

TRAGEDY OF A TREE: Delighted by the thrill of taxi-ing along the ground at speed the young airman forgets to look where he is going and comes to grief

The pictures shown on this page illustrate the outstanding interest that is being taken by children in matters connected with flying. A generation is now growing up which never knew the early hazards of the air and which, on reaching maturity, will rightly regard the domination of the sky as its heritage. Germany is attempting to create enthusiasm among the children from the very beginning of their school-days and excellent work is being done by the Luft Hansa Company by means of their specially equipped 'plane which is demonstrating in the provincial cities. Even the poorest children are given an opportunity of making a flight as the charge for each passenger is little more than half-a-crown

WHETHER THE WEATHER BE FINE OR NOT the flying club bar at Brooklands is nearly always full of activity. When flying men get together conversation seldom lags. There are always new machines coming on to the market, new fields to conquer and new topics of discussion relating to the most rapidly developing form of travel

FEMININE INDEPENDENCE

Pushing a D.H. Gipsy Moth into its hangar at Brooklands

THE MANŒUVRABILITY OF THE LIGHT 'PLANE

Special
A feature of
private flyer
can be ha

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nds is nearly always a centre There are always new models cussion relating to the world's

Special SPHERE *pictures by Charles Brown*

A feature of the latest machines for the private flyer is the ease with which they can be handled in the aerodrome

ON THE SHORE OF THE AIR: The mid-day aperitif outside the club-house at Brooklands

An entirely new aspect of life which has arisen since the War is club-life in an aerodrome. Before the War flying was a dangerous sport indulged in only by a few intrepid pioneers. After the War the aeroplane, which had become of enormous importance both as a weapon of attack and defence, settled down to a civil life. It became steadily safer and cheaper. Many men who had flown during the War wished to continue flying, and their womenfolk joined in and flew with them and learnt to fly themselves. The natural result was the formation of flying clubs. A club needs premises where the members can meet, have meals, change their clothes, and even stay for a night or two. Now we have a large number of these clubs scattered all over England, housed, as a rule, in modern buildings, their architecture eminently suited to the function they fulfil.

There are several of these clubs on the outskirts of London, one of the best and most frequented being at Brooklands. Even if you are no great flyer yourself an afternoon, especially on a Saturday or Sunday, spent there is full of interest.

(Continued on p. 506)

A FLYING RALLY AT HESTON

Machines drawn up outside the hangars at a recent rally of private flyers from overseas

THE DRAGON of WALES

FINAL ADJUSTMENTS: A close-up view of the forepart of the Prince of Wales's new De Havilland Dragon machine. Two 130 b.h.p. Gipsy inverted engines, housed on the inner sections of the lower 'planes, provide the motive power

THE DE HAVILLAND DRAGON IN FLIGHT: The machine's maximum and cruising speeds are in the neighbourhood of 130 and 110 m.p.h. In a take-off test the Dragon achieved a height of 145 ft. at a distance of 546 yds. from rest

LUXURIOUS SEATING ACCOMMODATION: A striking interior view of the De Havilland Dragon looking towards the entrance door to the pilot's cockpit. The upholstery is in red and fawn

THE PILOT'S COCKPIT: This is situated in the extreme nose of the fuselage and, having no engine in front of him, the pilot is able to enjoy a completely unobstructed view in all directions. It is totally enclosed with triplex glass and cellon

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DRAGON MACHINE TAKEN AT STAG LANE AERODROME: This is the sixth machine owned by the Prince of Wales and the eighty-fourth design by De Havilland. The company has just sold Stag Lane Aerodrome; their flying activities will, in future, take place at Hatfield

The Prince's Sixth Aeroplane

[*Specially Pictured for "The Sphere"*]

The D.H. Dragon is the very latest product of the De Havilland Aircraft Company, Ltd., and was designed by Captain De Havilland and Mr. Hagg, chief designer of the company. An interesting feature of the Dragon, showing the advance made in aircraft construction, is that with this machine it is possible for the first time to compete in running costs with the railways. The Dragon, with a full load of passengers, costs less per passenger mile than first-class railway travel.

However, the model supplied to the Prince of Wales has been fitted up more for comfort than economy in that there are just five luxurious seats in a spacious specially sound-proof padded cabin. In addition to this cabin there is a small compartment for toilet, and alongside that a large baggage-room.

The cabin upholstery has been tastefully carried out in a red and fawn colour scheme which gives a very light and attractive appearance to the interior. Other points of comfort are that each seat is provided with the passenger's own means of ventilating and regulating the temperature to his own personal requirements. The safety of this machine is outstanding, for in the very unlikely case of one of its two engines stopping it is possible to fly in complete security on the remaining engine. Also an exceptionally good take-off and low landing speed make the chance of any mishap almost impossible. A Marconi receiving and transmitting set is also fitted.

A FAMOUS RELIQUARY

Draws the Antiquarian World to London, and other Art Matters

THE MONYMUSK RELIQUARY WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN WORN BY ST. COLUMBA: The outstanding item in the salerooms this week. It is the only Scottish reliquary of its kind and if it is indeed linked with St. Columba the date of this relic would be the earlier half of the sixth century A.D. It is overlaid with silver and bronze plates on a coffer cut from the solid wood. In size it is only slightly larger than the above reproduction

JOHN HENDERSON AS MACBETH BY ROMNEY: This very striking study of John Henderson, the actor and rival of David Garrick, was one of several portraits of Henderson painted by Romney. The picture was recently sold in New York at the Anderson Galleries

By courtesy of Messrs. Christie

UNTOUCHED RUBENS: Designs for tapestries illustrating the life of Achilles by the Spanish Master. These two designs in oil are part of a set of six prepared by Peter Paul Rubens as models for tapestry, possibly for King Charles I of England. They are remarkable as showing the veritable work of the Master. The one on the left shows Achilles being dipped in the Styx by Thetis. On the right Achilles is seen receiving instruction from Chiron, the centaur. See notes on p. 508

FERNANDO AUTORI AS PHILIP OF SPAIN

The closing opera of the Covent Garden Season was remarkable for a vivid performance by Autori in Verdi's *Don Carlos*. The intensity of his singing and dramatic characterization were awarded an outstanding ovation

PLAYS of the

"Ballet Jooss"—Dancing the Drama of Life: citing Nautical Play at the Duchess: "Cupid Ivor Novello's "Proscenium"—Good

From the ballet of conventional classicism to the most extravagant developments of the Diaghileff troupe in its last phase we have seen much that is striking and still more that is praiseworthy. But it has been left for a small troupe of dancers without scenery, without orchestra, and with a minimum of preliminary trumpet-flourishing to do that which far more ambitious organizations have missed.

The *Ballet Jooss* in an all-too-short season at the Savoy have made terpsichorean history. These young men and maidens come from Essen and deal with essentials. In their methods they do not overstep all bounds of sanity in a desire to be as original as possible. They do not, figuratively, move too fast or try to run before they can walk. Indeed, I care not whether or no they can run or walk. They can dance and can show the whole drama of life in their dancing.

Take the street scenes, etc., of life in a great city. There is constant movement; but always with reference to little wisps of action—an amorous youth searching for prey, school-children with sternly-protective parents, women in a night-club. The dancing is technically perfect, yet a means to an end rather than an end in itself. If you wish to know exactly what it is *not*, think of the rows of English girls who, their arms locked round one another's waists, move undulating waves of legs with complete symmetry and with complete lack of any meaning whatsoever.

The "Waltzes of Old Vienna" are done with no less grace and charm than we have seen in other troupes for many years, but with the added suggestion that in that ballroom there is comedy.

These ballets, by the way, should certainly have come after and not before the now famous *La Table Verte*. As a study in the *macabre* this is surely unsurpassable, but it is not the fare upon which an audience should be sent into the night ruminating. Yet even in this picture of Death very far from taking a holiday there is a sinister humour; those absurd statesmen gesticulating in dæmonic masks round a conference table are the most ironic things the art of ballet has yet shown us, and at the same time the most horrible.

Below: BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: Alicia Markova who will appear in the Camargo Ballet Society's gala performance before the Queen on June 27

"Eight Bells."—If Mr. Percy Mandley, the author of *Eight Bells*, a nautical drama at the Duchess, had sufficient sense of the stage to avoid padding and to realize when a scene is weak and to eliminate it promptly, he would have written a fine play of its type.

As it is, it is pretty good, full of thrills of the right type, and commendably correct in its atmosphere. Mr. Mandley, it seems, has travelled in a "windjammer"; so have I, and I extend to him a fraternal hand of congratulation. But I fancy I have seen more plays than he has, and I wish I had been in time to tell him that that discussion about the Isle of Man would bore as inevitably as Miss Kathleen O'Regan's line, "Poor man, it will break his heart," would get the wrong sort of laugh. When the captain of a ship has been captured by mutineers and made to scrub his own deck that is hardly the comment.

There would have been no mutiny had the captain possessed any other quality than a sort of pig-headed courage. He was a youngish man, conceited, a bit of a bully and more than a bit of a drunkard. He goaded his own mate into a squabble and, when all would have been well with a little tact, he precipitated a mutiny by insulting the quite decent German members of his crew when a passing steamer brought the news that England and Germany were at war. But ten days of calm, varied only by bottles of whisky, have made better men than Captain Dale make fools of themselves.

The conclusion was not very convincing, and I felt that as the result of all those happenings there would be one sailing-ship less under the old "blood-and-guts." But a happy ending is obviously intended, so the "sweet little cherub" must have worked overtime. Most of *Eight Bells* is genuinely exciting. It is well acted by Mr. Reginald Tate (the captain), Mr. Wilcoxon (chief officer), Mr. Charles Thorpe (chief mutineer), Mr. Charles Lefeaux (chief steward), and Mr. Percy Walshe (bos'n).

"Proscenium."—Mr. Ivor Novello, nowadays, is not only growing into a handy dramatist. He takes his public, which is a large one, personally conducted tours behind the scenes.

Like tourists in Soviet Russia, his audiences are shown only what it is officially considered desirable that they should see. In *Proscenium* they see a stage life of noble resignation, strong love that never dies, and rather mawkish sentimentality. This Mr. Novello can present, with a cleverness that amounts almost to genius, in a way that makes an excellent entertainment if one does not look into it too closely. But this is not really his *forte*, which is the invention of amusing lines suitable for the mouths of cats.

TO ENTERTAIN LONDON'S DISTINGUISHED VISITORS: Lydia Lopokova in one of the ballet scenes in which she will appear in the gala performances on June 27 and 29 presented by the Camargo Ballet Society. The second production will be staged in honour of the delegates of the World Economic Conference who will attend as guests of the Society

DAY: By PHILIP PAGE

"Eight Bells"—A Genuinely Ex- and the Don"—A Tedious Farce: Sentimental Entertainment

The cat in this case, a comparatively harmless one, is played brilliantly by Miss Zena Dare, who looks as charming in a middle-aged part as she did when, in the days of "flappers," she adorned many an undergraduate's mantelpiece. The author understands the feminine mind, and he has given this cat more than nine lines, not the least diverting being, "My dear, she is the only woman I know who can make real ermine look like rabbit!"

Not even St. Anthony himself could have repelled the dressing-room advances of Miss Joan Barry, who in the play is the Juliet to Ivor Novello's Romeo, with nobler dignity. Miss Barry, as Eunice, an actress from the provinces, whose superb performance as Juliet we have to take for granted, had her one scene of rather ranting passion and then withdrew her claws, followed Romeo's example in achieving a noble dignity, and declared in the last Act that she would find solace in work.

"Cupid and the Don."—Do Cambridge dons go to Monte Carlo, behave there like nit-wits, run after predatory actresses and, having won 100,000 francs at the Casino, merely blither? Perhaps they do. Mr. Frank Birch has been a Cambridge don and played one at the Westminster Theatre in *Cupid and the Don*, which he himself had adapted from the French. So he should know.

The probability of such a piece matters nothing. Since it is a farce, it is, however, essential that it should be funny, and this one was not at all funny. For there to be any hope for it, the part must be played by a comedian of infinite farcical resource and played at express speed. Mr. Birch is a good actor in his way, but he cannot pull chestnuts of this type out of the fire.

I am sorry to have to write down *Cupid and the Don* as tedious rubbish.

The Lake, which, it will be remembered, was originally produced at the Westminster, is bringing good fortune to the Piccadilly after a long spell of bad luck. Poor Dorothy Massingham's gloomy but fine play would, I think, have enjoyed a successful run in any event. But the debt it owes to the performance of Miss Marie Ney is incalculable. Miss Ney has done much good work, and has even appeared in music-drama at Drury Lane—*The Three Musketeers*—which is hardly her *métier*. But in *The Lake* she has revealed herself as one of the few *great* English actresses.

Covent Garden is now dark and silent. But the betting at the moment is against the lovely old place being pulled down, and in favour of a season there next year.

In the past season the German portion was good and the Italian portion not so good. But the latter was notable for at least one outstanding performance, that of Signor Fernando Autori as Philip of Spain in Verdi's *Don Carlos*. The caricaturist baritone can draw in more senses than one.

MARIE NEY: THE GENIUS OF "THE LAKE"

A scene from the late Dorothy Massingham's successful play which has now been transferred to the Piccadilly. Miss Ney is here seen with Mr. Alan Napier in Act I

THE REINHARDT PRODUCTION AT OXFORD: Miss Oriel Ross as Titania in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which the Oxford University Dramatic Society are staging in the open. The production is under the direction of Max Reinhardt, of *Miracle* fame

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: Miss Robertson as Hippolyta and Mr. Stuart Daniel as Theseus in this year's O.U.D.S. production which is being staged in a meadow at Headington, a few miles from Oxford

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. W. H. Davies breaks silence too seldom these days. Among living poets he has the most birdlike music. He gives us a short trill and then sits silent, but that trill is often so exquisite that we listen expectantly for the next song. He is so artless that I suspect his simplicity. His coyness sometimes reminds me of a milkmaid in a West End review.

"There was a poet once who died,
His casement opened wide;
With his two hands he clasped his book,
And died with his last look
Fixed on the brightest star:
How great some poets are!
I, too, have my ambitious end,
With one green leaf in either hand—
And save the small breast-feather
Of a little bird for the other!"

This is really too weak and artless, but I have noticed that the resident thrush in my garden also likes to reveal the amateur touch occasionally. Nevertheless, I prefer Mr. Davies weak to a dozen other poets strong. But this time he comes before us not as a poet but as a bird lover. In *My Birds* (Cape. 3s. 6d.) he becomes confidential about his feathered friends. Years ago the British Government gave Mr. Davies a small pension. It must be accounted to them for righteousness, and the public have reaped a rich reward. It enabled Mr. Davies to retire to a cottage in the country, to sing at will and without strain, and to issue from time to time a very slender book of country wisdom. This latest is delightful bird chat. It comes to me at an appropriate moment. The other day I built and placed a bird platform just under the window where I sit and work. The result has been disastrous to my industry. I cannot keep my eyes off that platform where the birds come to feed. They were shy of it for a couple of hours. Now their audacity is boundless, and I am becoming wise in the nature of thrush, starling, blackbird, tit, robin, and sparrow. Even now as I write, Mrs. Blackbird has arrived with her five children, all of them brown, all larger than herself. The children are seated around the rim of the tray, fluffed out and clamouring with immense yellow beaks revealing formidable caverns. The mother works desperately and thanklessly to fill these caverns. The noise and selfishness of these young birds reconcile me to the similar defects of children. These young blackbirds are badly brought up. Their table manners are deplorable. They are quite competent to feed themselves, but they are lazy and enjoy harassing their mother. I have observed, too, with a consciousness of the guilt of my sex, that the husband is a typical male. He strolls about the lawn indifferent to the Bank Holiday fatigue of his wife and children. These blackbirds intimidate all others, except the young thrushes, who are thrusters. It is only when these have gorged themselves that the delicate and timid tits and the plebeian sparrows dare approach. And the robin, I discover, loathes the sparrow rabble and shoos them away before he eats, daintily as becomes a gentleman.

Mr. Davies, like myself, has a garden with trees, but lacks the pond that gives perfection. "No garden, unless it contains a pond tucked away in a far corner, can be called a perfect place. If a garden is not jewelled in one hole, it is still without its greatest charm. Not that I would have a stream running through it, however much I like the idea of water. My water must be still, looking up to Heaven with a quiet adoring eye, even as I do myself. It must not gallop wildly in times of flood, and throw mud in the eyes of encroaching flowers." It is not to be expected that Mr. Davies will go straight to his subject. Was he not first of all a tramp, and what tramp ever bothered about destination? So we have a preliminary chapter on birds of the past, including a parrot that was a procuress in a low inn. Then we come to a dog who indicated birds' nests, but was not destructive, and to a cat, "which is a great trial to a lover of birds." I agree; twice this week I have been enraged by my cat which has brought the spoils of massacre under my couch. This monstrous animal was imported to deal with mice. I have decided I would endure a plague of mice rather than the beastly lust of this cold-hearted animal. "Oh, but it is its nature!" cries my friend. I agree, but Nature is as horrible as it is beautiful, and this is a horrible aspect. That cat will go. I have warned it. One more murder and the court will treat him as a kulak.

Mr. Davies believes that birds help one another in trouble, and tells the story of one that fell down a chimney, and how all his friends sat around for hours until he was rescued. I would like to agree with him, but I am sceptical after noting the indifference with which one bird will hop over the dead body of another. The rook is a kind of Nazi. "How often have I seen one of these big, burly rooks employing frightfulness on a sparrow." Well, there is a delicious story here of some sparrows who employed frightfulness on a poet. He came to visit Mr. Davies in a top hat. It was too much for the poet and his birds. The birds objected to seeing such a large shiny object being brought into a simple country garden. Perhaps it would be kinder to think that the birds could not help themselves; that, seeing so fine a hat for the first time in their lives, so worked on their bowels that they needed no other medicine. Never mind what it was; let it be sufficient to know that a bad poet, who could make plenty of money, had called on a good poet, who could make little, and had gone away humbled and sad."

No one can be so charmingly malicious as Mr. Davies, and no one can write a slight book so powerful with quiet lore and affectionate meditation of small things.

MR. PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM: The author of *The Discovery of Europe; England, the Unknown Isle* and *Time Stood Still*. His latest book, *The Spirit of France*, has just been published by Duckworth

Mr. Paul Cohen-Portheim will be remembered for his *England, the Unknown Isle*. A cosmopolitan, with those international relationships which are part of the Jews' natural heritage, he is particularly equipped for a semi-philosophical exposition of national characteristics. He has now turned to France in *The Spirit of France* (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), and proves an uncompromising champion of that country. It represents for him the very epitome of civilization. By reason of her situation and her racial mixture she forms the natural meeting place of diverse European types and has the gift of providing a homogeneous expression for so many heterogeneous forces. In the Middle Ages and the eighteenth century she dominated Europe. He believes she will again. I cannot agree in this view, for it seems to me that, in an era when international co-operation is essential, France remains rigidly egotistic and egocentric. Moreover, her language has suffered a diplomatic eclipse owing to English being the tongue of the two dominant races of the world. But Mr. Cohen-Portheim makes out a good case for France. Highly intelligent, sensitive, and tolerant, he finds in France not only an artistic centre but a mind æsthetically sensitive and liberal. But one passage seems to me arrant nonsense and opposed to the lesson of England's carefully achieved constitution. "Political and intellectual freedom, the end of the feudal state, of ecclesiastical power and aristocratic privilege, the creation of modern constitutional and parliamentary government—all these things, which the whole of Europe has achieved, are the work of France, and France has had to foot the bill almost alone. This is undoubtedly France's greatest gift to Europe."

BOOKS TO READ

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT, by J. Lewis May (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.).

SOCIETY RACKET, by Patrick Balfour (John Long. 15s.).

CANADIEN, by Wilfrid Bovey (Dent. 10s. 6d.).

SERMONS OF THE YEAR (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.).

THE BODY IN THE SILO, by Ronald A. Knox (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

THE ROOF, by David Whitelaw (Bles. 7s. 6d.).

THE HOLIDAY, by Richard Crompton (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

S O S TALKS ON UNEMPLOYMENT, by S. P. B. Mais (Putnam. 7s. 6d.).

HYDE SIDE UP, by Ben Travers (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.).

Mr. W. H. Davies Breaks Silence: France Finds a Champion—Mr. Paul Cohen-Portheim's Latest Book: "Sarah Bernhardt"—A Preposterous Pseudo-Biography

Shades of Cromwell and Gladstone! I should have said this was undoubtedly England's greatest gift. Mr. Cohen-Portheim is guilty of similar aberrations. His acute intellect sometimes errs grievously. "Conrad, the great novelist of the South Seas"; "Marcel Proust, the greatest novelist of the last twenty years"; "France can to-day boast a regular galaxy of highly-gifted European writers . . . one of its most talented representatives, Paul Morand . . ." One receives shocks of this kind amid much that is perceptive and balanced. I do not know whether the author suffers from his translation, but the central paragraph, as also the following, on p. 70, has no sense. Like Ruskin, Mr. Cohen-Portheim is given to extreme statement. On p. 87 France's greatest gift to Europe is defined; on p. 81 her greatest gift to the world. Both seem to be the same thing, and surely it is preposterous to claim that "Voltaire and Rousseau are fighting to-day for the control of the modern mind for the future of the white race." Has the author heard of Lenin, Mussolini, Kemal Pasha, Keyserling, Shaw, and Havelock Ellis, to name a few influential minds moulding our modern civilization? It will be seen that Mr. Cohen-Portheim arouses argument. His cocksureness, his readiness to dispense definitions, are provocative. He is not a safe guide, but he is always an interesting one. With a mind foreign to our thought, but familiar with our problems, his contribution merits consideration as much for its blindness as for its insight.

Sarah Bernhardt, by G. G. Gellier (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.), is one of those preposterous pseudo-biographies of which we have had far too many. Where imagination ends and facts begin it is difficult to determine. When Sarah was thirteen she sat in a garden while a dog attacked a cat. "At this the little girl was roused in her turn. Her eyes became more brilliant. Her fists were clenched. She stamped her feet and shouted 'César! César!'" How does M. Gellier know all this, and what on earth does it matter that he does? The author even knows that "a cool hand was laid on the brow of the fevered child." As a work of imaginative construction it is not quite a good novel. The hysteria inseparable from the life of the Divine Sarah—"Hell-cat" one outraged suitor called her—is too like bad fiction to seem real, and as a biography lacks discrimination.

Messrs. Peter Davies had a merited success with their series of five-shilling biographies. They are now embarking on another five-shilling series, illustrated, called *Great Occasions*, the purpose being to present studies of isolated incidents in history. Mr. A. F. Fremantle contributes *1805, Trafalgar*, which is a detailed account of the events leading up to and of the battle of Trafalgar. While he tells us nothing that is not known to the student of Nelson literature, he is particularly well equipped by study and family tradition to present a clear, popular account of Nelson, his fleet, and the tactics of the great battle. If all the new books in the series are written with similar clarity and competence there should be a welcome for *Great Occasions*. Mr. Fremantle gives us an excellent study of one who was probably the most lovable and the greatest of Englishmen. I have only one criticism, that he has not rounded off the career of the unfortunate Villeneuve. I lunched with his descendant the day after reading this book, and he too could tell me little about him. He was only forty-two when he commanded the Allied Fleet at Trafalgar, was brought a prisoner to England, and committed suicide a year later, having failed to accomplish death at Trafalgar. Has justice ever been done to him? He failed to invade us, for which we must be grateful, but he had the foresight to have no faith in Napoleon's plans.

Here is an omnibus volume of Mr. Denis Mackail's short stories. *Having Fun* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), 624 pages of cheerfulness, engaging humour, and a never-failing flair for the ridiculous. Mr. Mackail is always good company. In the lounge, the boudoir or the bathroom he has always a good story and a crowd of bright young supers. In all of these thirty stories the Mackail manner is captivating. He can not only tell us "What Noise Annoys an Author," but also the significance of "The Last Word."

Mr. Hugh Talbot's novel, *Gentlemen—The Regiment!* (Dent. 7s. 6d.), treats of early Victorian England and the Crimean War. It opens with a Tom Brown atmosphere, but rapidly moves through a vivid panorama, excellently produced, leading to the field of Balaclava and life centring around the regiment. This is the outer trapping of a sensitive portrayal of the life of Alastair Chappell. The whole thing is most ably done, with considerable knowledge of the period. The story ends with a decoration at the hands of the Queen. I liked this book immensely.

BLACK and WHITE

The Leading Vogue in London and Paris

Black Accessories with All White Ensembles • • Touches of Matt White on Formal Black

Brims are conservative this summer. They indulge in no eccentricities, the designers' flights of fancy being reserved for crowns, which are often very intricate and ingeniously modelled. On the left is a most distinguished hat by Le Monnier. Fine black straw is allied with white gros-grain skilfully arranged in deep folds to form the soft crown. The dip in the front is a new line which is being accepted with enthusiasm, for it is both chic and flattering

Interpreted by an artist, black and white never become monotonous though their popularity is proverbial. At the moment they are the favourite colour combination for both formal and informal clothes. White piqué —first among summer fabrics—is used by Mainbocher for the small hat on the right, with its stocking-cap crown pulled down to one side. The frock is of black marocain with graduated white bone buttons, and a widened shoulder line. With it are worn loose white gloves

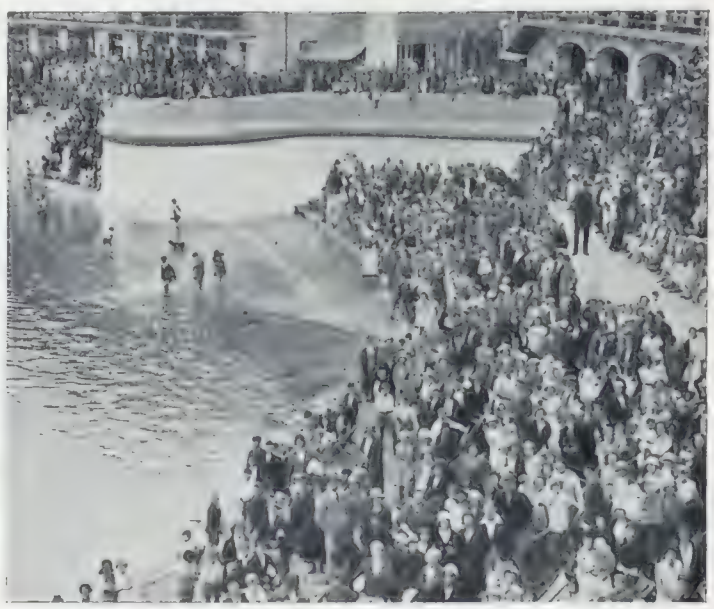
JUNE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

HOLIDAY MAKERS AT SOUTHEND

Visitors enjoying the June sunshine at London's nearest holiday resort. At low tide the causeway to the shore is invariably thronged with holidaymakers in search of the sea

THE CAUSEWAY TO THE SEA

PLYMOUTH CATERS FOR HOLIDAYMAKERS: Thousands of pounds have been spent in improving the town's sea and sunbathing facilities. The above picture shows the construction work in progress. A feature is the new groin for protecting bathers at high tide



30,000 AT THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH'S BATHING-PLACE EXTENSION: The crowded beach and terrace at Tinside after the official opening by the Mayor. One of the many attractions is night-bathing by floodlight

GUILDFORD'S £400,000 BY-PASS SCHEME: Four hundred men are at present engaged in building the new road from Guildford to Milford. This picture shows the completed bridge carrying the Hog's Back road over a section of the new by-pass at Compton-Corner

GRIMSBY'S GIANT FISH DOCK IN THE MAKING: The site of the new lock entrance to the Humber showing the progress that has been made to date. The new dock will provide an additional water area of 37 acres and will probably be completed by the end of 1934

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

DISTINGUISHED

C.F.H.

Caddie: "Your Tee is ready Sir"
Absent Minded Golfer: "No thanks I'll have a GUINNESS"

G.E.311.3

OPEN-AIR PLEASURES

Britain in the Sunshine

SIR NORMAN ANGELL AT HOME IN HIS ISLAND KINGDOM: The famous author of *The Great Illusion* about to go for a ride on Northey Island, Essex, his 300 acre domain

EVE ON THE ISIS: The stroke of the Oxford University Undergraduette crew preparing for a practice row on the famous waterway

AN ALDERSHOT RETREAT: The children's corner at the "Lido" which, during the warm weather, is a favourite resort of officers' wives and their children

A HIKING HOLIDAY: Members of the West Riding Ramblers' Federation during their annual rally at the Cow and Calf Rocks, Yorkshire

THE EARL OF LONSDALE inspecting the newly-designed Lonsdale belt offered for the Bantam-weight Championship of the British Empire

Sphere of Travel

NORWAY: The Summer Charms of Fjord and Fell

IN SOUTH-WEST NORWAY: Lake Sande and the Sande Tourist Hotel

THE TWIN FALLS OF LATEFOS: One of the glories of the Hardanger district

Far better than any verbal description, can Norway be envisioned through the marvellous music of Wagner's *Die Walküre* or Grieg's *Peer Gynt* Suite. Listen to the thundering rhythm of the "Ride of the Walküre" and see the deep, rocky gorges with their tumbling waters, the spray forming an eternal mist blowing through the branches of the pine trees. Listen to the plaintive strains of Grieg's "Morning" and watch the sun rise over the fjords, casting a rosy glow over the snow-capped mountain peaks, while the first early morning breeze ruffles the surface of the ice blue waters.

Apart from the beauty of the country, perhaps the most lasting impression the visitor to Norway has is the extreme cleanliness which prevails everywhere. Perhaps it is the subconscious effect of seeing so much water, but one cannot help but think that at dead of night the little gnomes leave their woodland home, and with their tiny pails and mops wash the houses, the streets, and even the ships in the harbour.

For an economical holiday in Norway we would advise the prospective visitor to book for a cruise on any of the B. and I. Royal Mail Line ships which sail from Newcastle. For £22 one can spend eleven days in Norway, one night in Bergen at the leading Terminus Hotel, motoring to Stalheim for a short stay, and then proceeding by steamer to Kvikne's Hotel, Balestrand, one of the largest and most fashionable hotels in Western Norway.

NORWAY'S NORTHERN CAPITAL: Bergen and its sheltered harbour

One need not travel extensively in Norway to see the beauties of the countryside. There are many railway journeys whose routes take one, by fjords, through deep forests and round the bases of the highest mountains. The country between Bergen, Oslo, and Finse is exceptionally lovely. The Norwegian State Railways have a very convenient method of combining rail and road travel, so that there is no remote mountain village which is not accessible.

THE GEIRANGER FJORD NEAR HELLESYLT: With its precipitous cliffs and snow-capped mountains this district can claim to be one of the grandest in all Norway. Geiranger boasts the most famous waterfalls in the fjords

THE WATER-TOWER HOUSE AT ALDEBURGH: One of Suffolk's queerest houses. The top storey has a tank holding 30,000 gallons of water pumped by the neighbouring windmill

ENGLAND'S EAST COAST

The Quaint and Curious in Suffolk

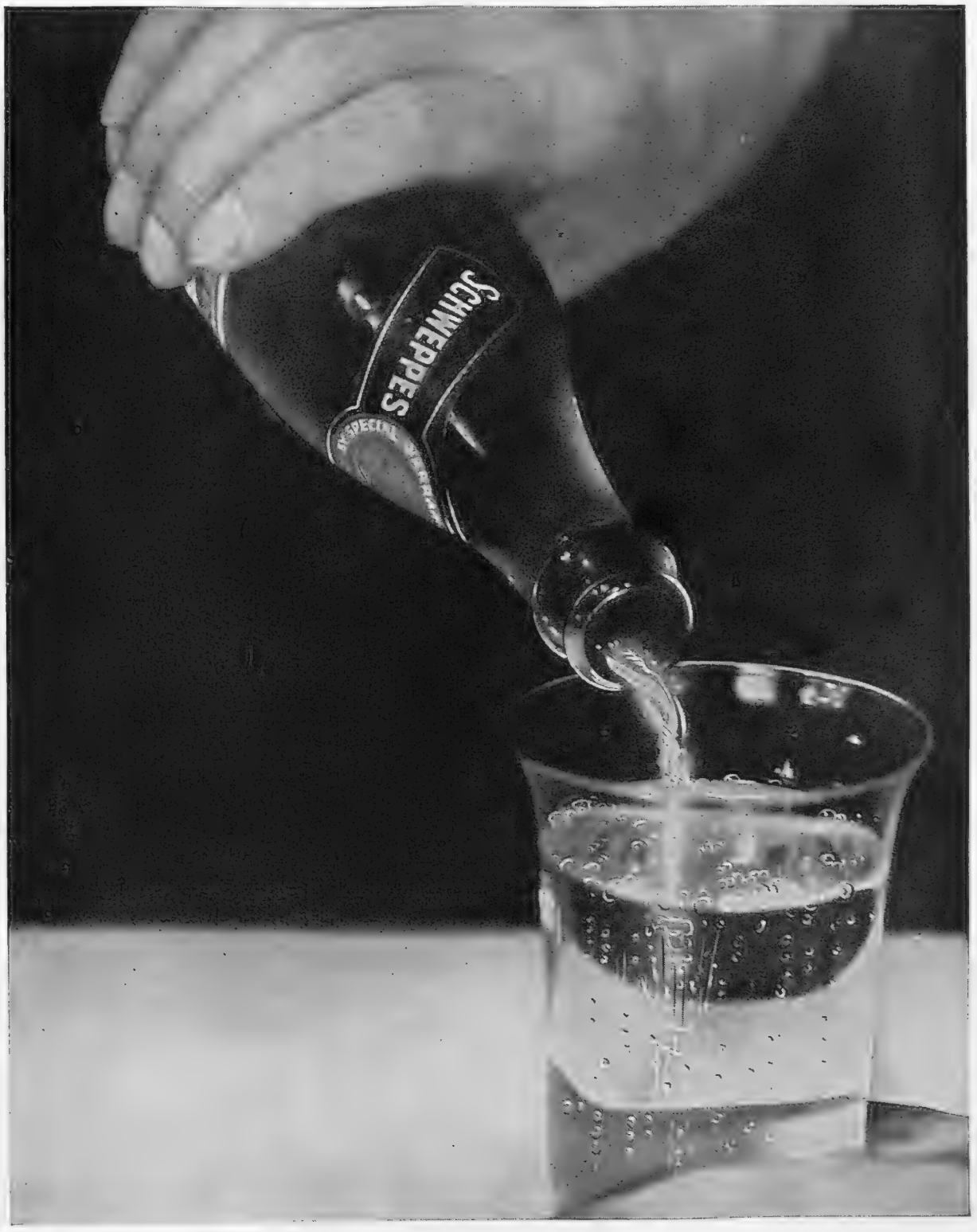
Where shall the summer holiday-maker find health? It may be in the Eastern counties of England. There is a tang in the air and an altogether invigorating atmosphere which affect many people in a remarkable manner. If you are one of the lucky ones to discover that East Coast air suits you, you revisit those counties of Norfolk and Suffolk again and again. The feeling of sheer health is a joy in itself. You will love everything in these breezy counties. One can start a tour in the delightful region of the Stour, with its memories of Constable and other great landscape painters, and work one's way up through Ipswich to Aldeburgh, famous for its sprats—a delicious dish—and Southwold and Lowestoft with its splendid fishing fleet and its busy harbour. One may find history at Bury St. Edmunds, Orford Castle, and many another historic site.

THE HOLIDAY HULK: An unusual summer residence on the banks of the river Alde

WHERE STYLE MEETS STYLE: Another Suffolk water-tower residence at Thorpeness

Watch the bubbles rise

in your DRY GINGER . . .



to tingle on the tongue, to add keen zest

to that piquant taste . . .

Only spring water that is filtered and refiltered is pure enough for Schweppes

– *therefore* Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

UNNECESSARY OBSTRUCTION.—People seem to do the most incredible things in the most impossible places. The other day I was motoring, as a passenger for a change, from Chichester to Brighton, and as we passed over the narrow bridge at Arundel my friend who was driving remarked that the last time he passed that spot somebody pulled up in a motor car in the middle of the bridge to ask the way. Strings of traffic accumulated in front and behind him until there was complete chaos, and the police had to be called in to unravel the mess. I was duly interested, and was not in the least surprised to hear of the episode, but I must say that my breath was taken away when I found on our return journey that our hero had an imitator who had stopped at the foot of the bridge to admire the view and succeeded in blocking the whole road. Really it is very difficult to find any excuse for such selfish conduct, and I cannot see how any regulation, test, examination, or anything else can possibly prevent such displays of complete indifference to other road users recurring.

Keeping to the same subject I well remember in those far-off days, when I was in the Army as a humble second-lieutenant in the R.A.S.C., being instructed most carefully that when I had charge of a convoy of lorries and desired to halt them, I was not to obstruct other road traffic by stopping anywhere near a bend or other blind spot on the road. Further, I was instructed that the lorries when halted or being driven were not to be bunched together, but well separated so that any other vehicle could get by, by overtaking one lorry at a time. From my experience the other day I imagine these excellent Army regulations are not now taught or else the officers in charge of some convoys ignore them, because I nearly met disaster going over the brow of a hill where four or five R.A.S.C. lorries had parked themselves with an officer in command. I am far from being a Bolshevik, and my only desire in criticizing military matters in this way is in an endeavour to remove any just cause of complaint from citizens whose loyalty is perhaps not 100 per cent.

A MILITARY BARRAGE.—The other day I was driving from Godalming to Haslemere, and between the latter place and Milford I suddenly found my progress stopped by a Southdown motor coach which in its turn had been slowed down by a company of soldiers complete with field kitchens, etc. This particular road is narrow and very winding, yet the military were marching along, four deep, so that they left hardly enough width for one line of traffic to pass or overtake. The coach driver eventually got impatient, as indeed were the six or seven drivers of the vehicles which had by this time formed a queue behind him. Eventually, he made a bid to overtake and we all followed him. It was impossible for him to see more than 50 yards owing to the bends ahead, but by the grace of Providence he and the whole queue got past in safety, though at the beginning one Austin "Seven" coming in the opposite direction mounted a grass bank in order to avoid the coach.

Do the military authorities really consider it necessary and desirable that troops should be moved about on narrow public roads with the men four deep? In war time and when manœuvres are taking place there is an excuse, but in the ordinary times of peace I think they would be well advised to see that the men under their command cause as little inconvenience as possible to the general public.

RIDICULOUS REALISM.—Motorists as a body are as keen on the theatre and the stage generally as any other section of the community, but whilst we all like to see good acting behind the footlights, none of us desire to see poor acting on the roadway without any footlights at all. I refer to the ridiculous endeavour of some road authority who has seen fit to stage accidents in the Reigate district. Purposely to place cars upside down in a ditch or at the side of the road is certainly liable

(Continued on p. 506)

THE NEW VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX: There is really comfortable room for four adults, with space for a fifth, in this full-sized saloon. The front seats are adjustable and recessed arm-rests are fitted to the rear seats. This model is available in a wide range of colour and upholstery options

PICTURESQUE OXFORDSHIRE: Just off the main Maidenhead–Oxford road a little to the east of Benson lies the charming village of Ewelme, famed for its quaint houses and ancient church. Touring this county in a Morris Ten is sheer delight

He • •

"Blow that press photographer —he's got us again"

She • •

"Well—if they call us the quick-starting pair my people will have forty fits"

EVERYBODY KNOWS...

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

AN OUTSTANDING LIGHT SIX AT £195

. . . . *and every inch a* VAUXHALL

A FEW NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

1. Exceptional roominess.
2. Overhead valve engine, with a choice of two power ratings.
3. Four-speed gear box with silent third and Synchro-Mesh easy change system.
4. Down-draught carburetter with instant starting and increased power output.
5. Progressive front springs.
6. Exceptional steering lock (turning circle 34 ft.)
7. Protectoglass all round.
8. Foot controlled head lights.
9. Chromium stoneguard and bumpers.
10. Real leather upholstery.
11. Thief-proof spare tyre clamp.
12. Vauxhall No-draught ventilation on De Luxe Saloon.

Vauxhall's long awaited new light car is here.

Never before has such quality, such smooth power, such roomy comfort, certain safety and sparkling performance been built into a car at anywhere near the price.

Here is a modern motor car embodying those attributes for which Vauxhall has long been famous — real distinction of appearance, fidelity to fine engineering standards, practical measures that ensure a long life of capable, trouble-free service. Above all, the best in modern practice has been used to reach the acme of smoothness.

It is a car of balanced features — no one attribute has been stressed at the expense of others — speed, power, safety, economy, comfort, and distinction, all are blended to give motoring that is completely satisfying and it has Synchro-Mesh faultless gear change.

Two power ratings are available. 12 h.p. (£12 tax) for the motorist who desires true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating cost and 14 h.p. (£14 tax) for those who want an extra reserve of power and turn of speed.

THIS NEW CAR IS NOW ON VIEW AT ALL VAUXHALL DEALERS

Vauxhall engineers welcome your judgment and test of their latest car. A copy of the booklet entitled "Just the Car for You" is yours for the asking.

For those who require a larger car of higher price there is the famous 16.9 h.p. **Vauxhall Cadet** *Saloon* **£295.** *Coupe (2 or 4 light)* **£295.** *And other models*

SALOON (12 h.p.) £195 *(Pytchley Sliding roof £5 extra.)*

DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. & 14 h.p.)—*sliding roof, No-Draught Ventilation, chromium lamps and flutes, disappearing centre armrest, parcel nets, assist cords, etc.* £215

The New

VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p.) £195. DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. & 14 h.p.) £215

Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9. *Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Gt. Portland Street, W.1.*

FLYING CLUB LIFE TO-DAY

(*Continued from p.* 491)

The club-house has only recently been built and is both very modern and very comfortable. It stands on the edge of the flying ground and all the principal rooms have big windows looking out on to it. While you are drinking your cocktails in the bar or in the very pleasant lounge before lunch, and while you are eating your lunch in the dining-room, you can watch aeroplanes continually landing and taking off.

Besides pupils who are having lessons and occasional joy-riders there is an interesting, and at week-ends, frequent coming and going of visiting aeroplanes. One may come from Heston, another from Hanworth, another from the Cinque Ports Flying Club, yet another from the North of England. These clubs have a friendly feeling for all aviators and welcome a visitor with interest and a bevy of questions as to where he has come from, how long it took, where he is going to, and all the rest. Aeroplanes of all shapes and sizes from near and far arrive and can be walked round and looked at and discussed.

Not so long ago you went to an aerodrome in semi-expectation of seeing an accident and knowing you would see men enveloped in leather coats and goggles. Now aeroplanes come and go all day long, like cars driving up to a tennis club and, instead of someone dressed like a polar explorer, beautiful girls in summer frocks or coats and skirts, and immaculate young men in white flannels or lounge suits step out and walk into the club-house for a cheery drink or meal with their friends; which done they fly away to other spheres.

M. I. Batten

THE FIESTAS OF PAMPLONA

(*Continued from p.* 488)

of the cafés; it is the accompaniment of meals from morning to night. The whole place is given up to bull-fighting; and there are portraits everywhere of El Estudiante and Maravilla and Villalta and all the favourites; and photographs of the thrilling moments of the previous day.

It is complained that the mantilla is being abandoned by Spanish women. If hair is to be cut short, as the mode ordains even in Spain, how is it possible to wear the huge combs from which hang the long black lace veils? Yet, somehow, there are women who contrive to construct the necessary scaffolding over which the mantillas fall as in a picture by Goya. And they spread their beautiful shawls before them in the boxes; and they wave their fans without which no Spanish beauty is complete.

For centuries it has been so throughout Spain, and if it be true that the old costumes are somewhat less in favour they are still to be seen; and whatever one may think about the actual bull-fighting, there is nothing more spectacular than a well-dressed arena with its tiers of reds and blues and yellows, lit up by the sun, and in the middle the great expanse of golden sand.

The beasts, specially bred for combat, have a massive beauty and a swiftness of movement which are astonishing. They charge the red capes with incredible velocity and ferocity. The horrible feature of bull-fighting has always seemed to me to be the attack of the bull against the blindfolded horses. Primo de Rivera ordered that the horses should wear a padded armour, which certainly prevents a certain amount of disgusting cruelty. Yet the poor horses are the real victims . . . This is the section of the fight which is undoubtedly deserving of condemnation and which has always appeared to me unskilful.

So, in Pamplona, built before Christ by Pompey, dismantled by Charlemagne, where Ignatius de Loyola was wounded, where Wellington fought against the French, the secular fiestas are again bringing tens of thousands of visitors who will throng the streets leading to the Plaza de Toros.

THE PETROL WORLD

(*Continued from p.* 504)

to cause far more accidents than would be prevented by such childish stupidity. Unless the police gave immediate instructions to remove the faked-up accidents, I can well imagine that the constables in charge of their private telephone exchange boards, as well as those individuals who look after the ambulances and fire brigades, had a busy time answering people who 'phoned up, imagining that real accidents had happened.

THE BROADS BY L.N.E.R.

With regard to the Norfolk Broads advertisement which appeared in our issue of June 3, we are asked to state the address to which applicants should write for the guide "Norfolk Broads Holidays Afloat," is Blake's, 145, Broadland House, 22, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

MONARCH OF BAGHDAD

(*Continued from p.* 480)

In tone and enthusiasm, it occurred to me at the time, that pronouncement very truly indicated the mind of a man who carved out a kingdom not so much with a scimitar as by ruling over the hearts of his people; for Feisal is a reformist and an educationist, or he is nothing.

Now, his steady endeavour in that direction has borne fruit. In place of 160 primary schools with 6,470 pupils, there are at present 228 primary schools and more than 25,000 pupils. These figures should, of course, be judged in comparison with other Oriental countries, and the fact should never be lost sight of that Mesopotamia of pre-War time was not a country, but a political rubbish dump of the effete Turkish Empire.

Those tortuous lanes of Baghdad, where danger lurked, are now cleaned up; the police there compare favourably with most European countries. The army of the country is thoroughly organized, and the British help, let it be owned, has not been inconsiderable in this regard; and, above all, there is a representative form of government. Nor can anyone contest the assertion that in this task of nation building the British took a very great part; for the edifice of present-day Iraq stands on that solid rock foundation of endeavour which the British laid in Baghdad thirteen years ago.

And having arrived at the fullness of an independent nation, Iraq, with the co-operation of the British and led by her wise and remarkable monarch, is assured of a worthy place amongst the sovereign States of the world. England has now to welcome not only an old and tried comrade in King Feisal, but one of those rare personalities in whose mental make-up the best of the East and the West so singularly well have blended.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

An album is being prepared for presentation to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the President of the Society, at the inauguration of the New "Arethusa" Training Ship on July 25. This album will contain the signatures of all those who have sent donations towards the cost of the New "Arethusa" Training Ship. Please send your donation so that your signature may appear in this album. Gifts will be thankfully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

A Holiday in **NORWAY** *is full of interest*

THE Norwegian scenery has no counterpart in the world.

It is austerely grand, yet unendingly beautiful.

Wherever you go you will find some new interest — entirely different from anything you have known.

The people are hospitable and their hotels are comfortable. Both food and cooking are excellent. The cost is really moderate. *En pension* terms from 9/- per day, or less for a prolonged stay.

Examples of Inclusive Tours:
17 days to the Hardangerfjord, 18 gns.
17 days to the Sognefjord, 20 gns.
16 days to E. Norway Interior Resort, £17 : 8 : 6
From Newcastle, including first-class North Sea steamer, all travel in Norway, and hotel accommodation with tips and tax.

Ask your Travel Agent for this season's brochure giving full particulars, or write to:
NORWEGIAN STATE RAILWAYS, Travel Bureau, Norway House, 23a, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1

NORWAY

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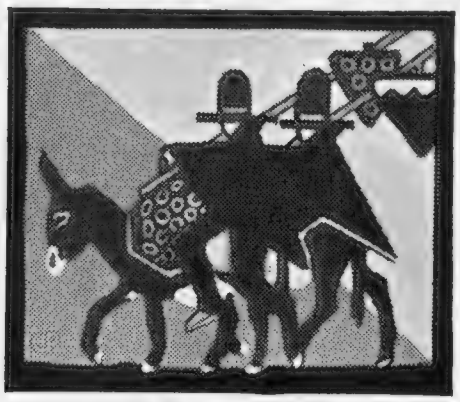

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First Class from London

New Motorships 14,500 Tons Gross
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No supplements No hotel expenses

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OVER 100 ROOMS

A Hepplewhite carved mahogany 4-post BEDSTEAD, 7 ft. 2 in. long, 5 ft. 6 in. wide, 8 ft. 4 in. high.

CATALOGUE IN 3 VOLUMES
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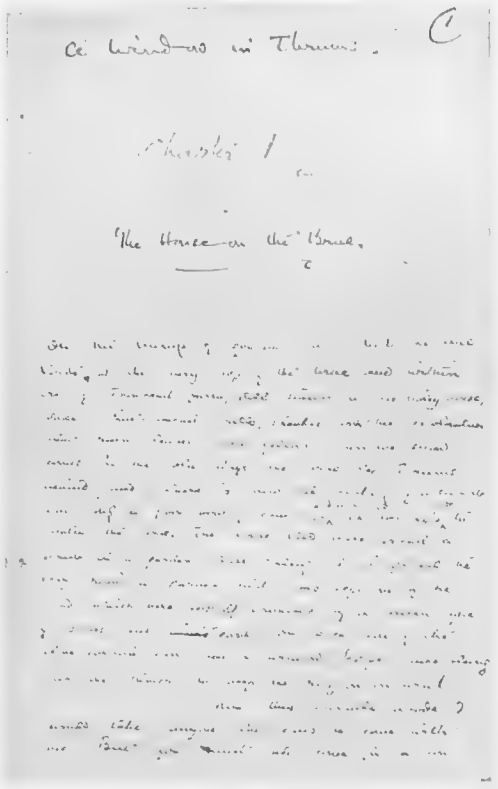
ART, ARCHÆOLOGY, and Autograph MSS.

Some Notes on the London Sales

Messrs. Christie offered archæologists a rare opportunity on June 22, when the Monymusk Reliquary was put up for sale. An article of such quality is not often in the market, and this came strengthened and enriched by a very full history. In his book on the Church and Priory of Monymusk, Mr. William Macpherson describes the reliquary as follows: "It is a small wooden box hollowed out of the solid, and covered with plates of pale bronze and silver. It was originally jewelled, and is still enamelled, and the tracings of the characteristic Celtic spiral ornaments that were engraved on it are still visible. At both ends it had a hooked plate with a hinge, and a strap might readily be inserted into the hook to let it be carried on one's breast, but one plate is now lost."

This casket was obviously intended for the relics of some saint, and is, as far as is known, the only one of its kind and period now existing in Scotland. It has been preserved at Monymusk House, in Aberdeenshire, as long as the records of history and tradition extend.



BARRIE'S ORIGINAL MS. OF *A WINDOW IN THRUMS*: One of the 115 pages of the author's manuscript and corrected proofs which will be sold at Sotheby's on July 5

It is thought to be the Brecbannoch of St. Columba—"the blessed speckled or spotted thing" which belonged to the saint who came over from Ireland and settled in Iona in A.D. 563. From this lone island St. Columba's followers set out, in parties of thirteen, to teach and found settlements. One of these settlements was at Forglen, where the Brecbannoch was preserved, and the owner of Forglen became the protector of the relic, and was under an obligation to carry it, like the Ark of old, before the Scottish armies when they went out to battle. King William the Lion obtained possession of the relic and the lands of Forglen about 1204, and bestowed the reliquary together with the lands of Forglen and the accompanying obligation on the great Abbey of Arbroath. The abbot was present at the Battle of Bannockburn, and shortly afterwards made over the custody of the relic to Malcolm of Monymusk. An heiress of the Monymusk family carried it to the Fraser family and later on it is with a certain Duncan Forbes, in whose family the Monymusk remained till 1713, when it was sold to Sir Francis Grant.

Featured in the same sale was a set of eight fine Beauvais tapestry panels of the time of Louis XV. They represent the seasons by appropriate female figures with accompanying fruit and flowers. These panels have been mounted at a later date and now form a four-leaf screen. Chippendale furniture, coming from the Preston collection at Ruthin in North Wales, was also offered including a set of eight Chippendale mahogany armchairs with latticework backs showing Chippendale's attraction for Chinese art.

Two important picture sales also took place during the week, the first being at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 21 when the collection of old masters from Marbury Hall, Northwich, Cheshire, was put up for auction. Though famous, little has been seen of this collection, which is fully typical of that age of good taste in collecting by which so many of the great houses in England have been enriched.

The greatest feature of the collection has been the magnificent oil sketches by Peter Paul Rubens illustrating the life of Achilles, which were made for a series of tapestries, possibly for Charles I. Rubens had met Charles' friend, the Duke of Buckingham, in Paris, and both being akin, had immediately been attracted to each other. It was Rubens who suggested the purchase of the cartoons of Raphael which are now in the South Kensington Museum, and who parted with most of the paintings and statues which he had collected in Italy to Buckingham for his royal master, for about £10,000. As Rubens is known to have employed many pupils to prepare his great paintings, which he afterwards finished and brought together, these undoubted sketches by the master himself are of especial interest. They are six in number, and five of them are to be seen in tapestry form in the Musée d'Archéologie in Brussels. Two of the oil sketches are reproduced on page 493.

Old masters were also to be seen at Messrs. Christies on June 23, the pictures coming from various sources, but all of them said to be of importance, including portraits by Gainsborough, and works by Hobbema and Jacob van Ruisdael, and many others.

Books will occupy Messrs. Sotheby throughout the whole of the last week of June, when Lord Rosebery's library is to be disposed of, and the first sale days of July (3–4–5) are also devoted to books and manuscripts from many sources. The manuscript of *A Window in Thrums*, in Sir James Barrie's neat handwriting, together with the corrected proofs, all bound in one volume, is of particular interest to the many Barrie collectors. There are also Browning's Cavalier poems, so popular in ballad music, "King Charles, and who'll do him right now," in autograph, besides many interesting letters of Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, "Lewis Carroll," Dickens, Nelson, and others.

There are some rather pathetic letters from John Ruskin to his mother, giving an insight into his strange mentality, speaking of his love for Rose La Touche, the young Irish girl he wished to marry. A mass of letters, 600 all told, from Arnold Bennett, written to his nephew and adopted son, Richard Bennett, reveal the social life of London during recent years. Arnold Bennett was a man of method, writing so many words a day, and expected this nephew to follow his example, insisting upon his writing a letter every week, which was to arrive by the same post on a particular day. The catalogue claims that these letters are far racier and more entertaining than the Diaries which have been written for publication, and they well may be.

From a Singer
who smokes
Craven 'A' Cigarettes

To Carreras, Ltd. 18-4-33

"Six months ago my Physician decided I should have finally, to choose between abstaining from smoking or giving up my career as a Singer.

In desperation I tried various brands of Cigarettes, but without results, each having injurious and harmful effects to my throat.

Finally I tried Craven "A", and am more than delighted to inform you that they affect my throat *in no way whatsoever*, and that the Doctor is amazed."

(The original letter can be verified at Arcadia Works)

★..."delighted to inform you that they affect my throat *in no way* whatsoever"

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED
SEALED-FRESH
in Weather-proof 'Cellophane'

20 for 1/-

100% VIRGINIA
SOLD – FRESH
wherever & whenever you buy

Made specially to prevent sore throats

CA.4

AN EQUATORIAL ADVENTURE

Nairobi to London in a Baby Car

ON THE UGANDA–SUDAN BORDER: The car passing through an oasis on the first stage of the journey from Nairobi to London

Leaving Nairobi on February 16, with a minimum of luggage, we set out to see how far our £100 Morris would take us towards home. The car resembled nothing more than a tinker's cart, with its pots, pans, bowls, and tins which, owing to lack of inside space, had to be tied round the outside of the body.

Soon Kenya and its masses of game, which are always to be seen when passing through the Kedong Valley was left behind us, and the car was travelling along the smooth and shady moraine roads of Northern Uganda to Kitgum and the Sudan border. After crossing the Nile at Juba, the route passed through the Belgian Congo from Yei to Aba, and on to Wando, where we spent an interesting day at the Belgian elephant training station; this is the only station where the *African* elephant is trained to agricultural labour.

The scenery of the Northern Congo was most impressive; the track was bounded on either side by tall elephant grass or thick forests of bamboos, palms, and huge trees which met overhead. The natives here are forced to make large clearings along the sides of the roads in which to build their villages, as the forests and elephant grass harbour tse-tse fly, carrier of sleepy sickness.

Crossing over into the French Congo at Bangassou, we travelled on towards Nigeria and Gao on the banks of the Niger. From here on it was noticeable that the country was gradually getting more dried up, and the roads more sandy and rough. In the Congos, however, the car negotiated about a dozen very wide rivers by means of ferries made out of native dugout canoes fastened together. From Bangassou the route progressed through Barnbari, Fort Crampel, and Fort Achambault, and left at Fort Lamy for Nigeria. Maidugari and Kano with their wonderful native cities and markets were particularly interesting. Kano was at one time a centre of the slave trade, and is still one of the most important cities on the caravan route.

THE WALLED CITY OF KANO: Noted as one of Africa's most important equatorial trading centres, the city is being modernized with electric light standards

After leaving the Nigerian border we crossed into the French Sudan between Katsina and Maradi, and on through Dogodoubibie to Niamey. From Niamey we followed the banks of the Niger for 300 miles to Gao, which was the starting point for the 800 miles of solid desert known as the Tanezrouft.

The French officials at Gao at first refused to allow us to cross, but after arguing for a whole day and filling in all the necessary and many unnecessary forms, and paying 1,800 francs to the Compagnie Transaharienne, we set off, leaving a collection of gasping and horrified officials behind us, telling us that we should return on foot within a few hours, as it was possible only for lorries with ten wheels or caterpillar tracks to cross this treacherous stretch of sandy waste.

We completed the Tanezrouft crossing in 3½ days; at night we slept by the car, and it was bitterly cold, the temperature dropping to zero. It was necessary to drive from 4 a.m. till 7 or 8 p.m. every day.

Having reached Reggan, the track lay from oasis to oasis through Beni Abbes and Columb Bechar to Oujdah and along the route nationale to Tangier, across to Gibraltar, and through Spain and France to Calais, Dover, and London, completing in all 8,000 miles in eight weeks, without any trouble from the car throughout the journey.

Alan Cooper

IN A SEA OF SAND: A halt during the 800-mile journey through the Tanezrouft. Six wrecked aeroplanes were passed during the crossing

THE TANEZROUFT NEARLY CROSSED: The car loaded with petrol, spare tyres, food, and water on the last stage of the 3½-day journey across the desert

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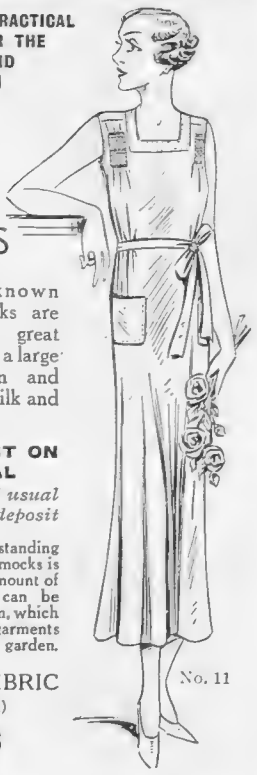

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SWITZERLAND in SUMMER

Delights of the Lakeside Towns

ON THE WAY FROM WOLFGANG TO DAVOS: The charm of Switzerland's mountain and lakeside scenery

glide quietly along one of the rivers, the Reuss, the Aare or the Rhine. With the aid of a collapsible boat and a folding tent many days of delightful wandering may be spent exploring the hidden backwaters of the lakes and rivers. The angler should certainly take his rod and line, and many times he will be surprised at the large catches.

The Swiss Federal Railways are extremely enterprising. There are, for example, season tickets issued which entitle the holder to travel for a number of days over the whole of Switzerland, and special terms for families are even made. Thus, though one's headquarters may be Lucerne, the rest of Switzerland need not be a closed book. What enchanting visits may be paid to lovely Locarno, St. Moritz bathed in summer glory, Brissago, nestling on the edge of Lake Maggiore, or Zermatt with the Matterhorn towering in the background.

IN THE ENGELBERG VALLEY: The market square at Stans

There must be many people who, eagerly anticipating their annual holiday near the sea, swimming, sailing, and acquiring that nut-brown hue, yet yearn to see something of the scenery, people, and customs of other countries. In reality it is a very simple matter to combine both pleasures. There are many lakeside towns in Switzerland which can boast of delightful little plages. Ouchy-Lausanne, Montreux, and Interlaken, are but a few. Here one can lie for hours on the golden sands, meditating on the merits of a plunge into the clear lake or a round of golf. In the cool of evening one can motor or even walk to some châlet perched high among the cascades and lush meadows of the Alps. As the faint twitter of the birds ceases, night falls over the countryside, the pine trees in some nearby gorge merge into one dark shadow, the clear peaks of the mountains take on a softer outline, and one by one the lights twinkle out in the valley below.

An excellent way of seeing more of the landscape is to

WORLD'S VIEW: The climber contemplates the heights on nearing the summit of a Swiss mountain range

A GEORG JENSEN CREATION: An exquisite circular silver candelabra

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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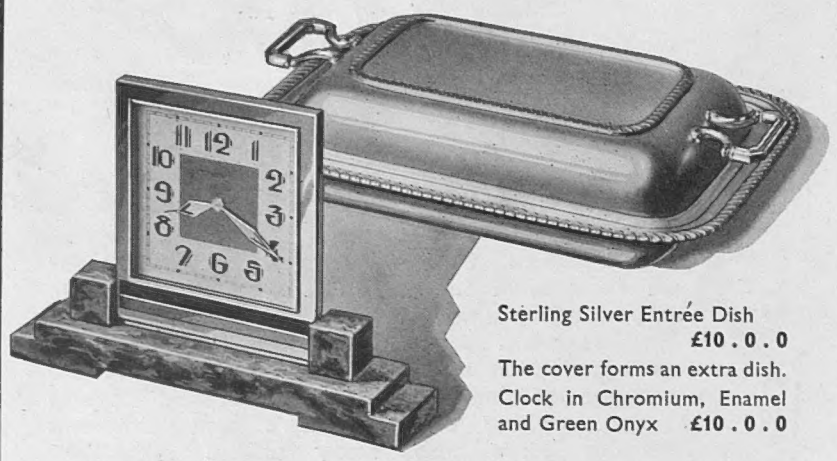

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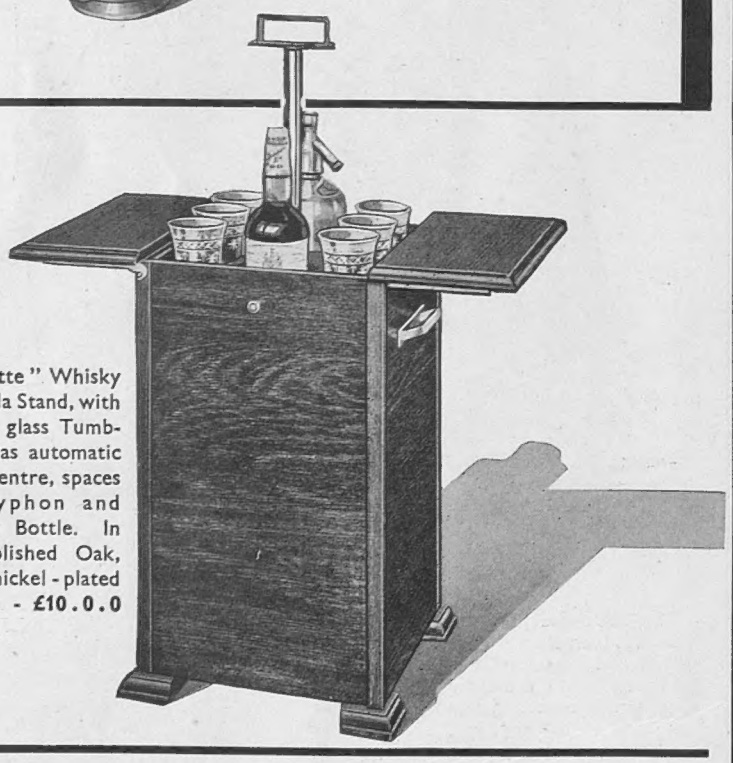

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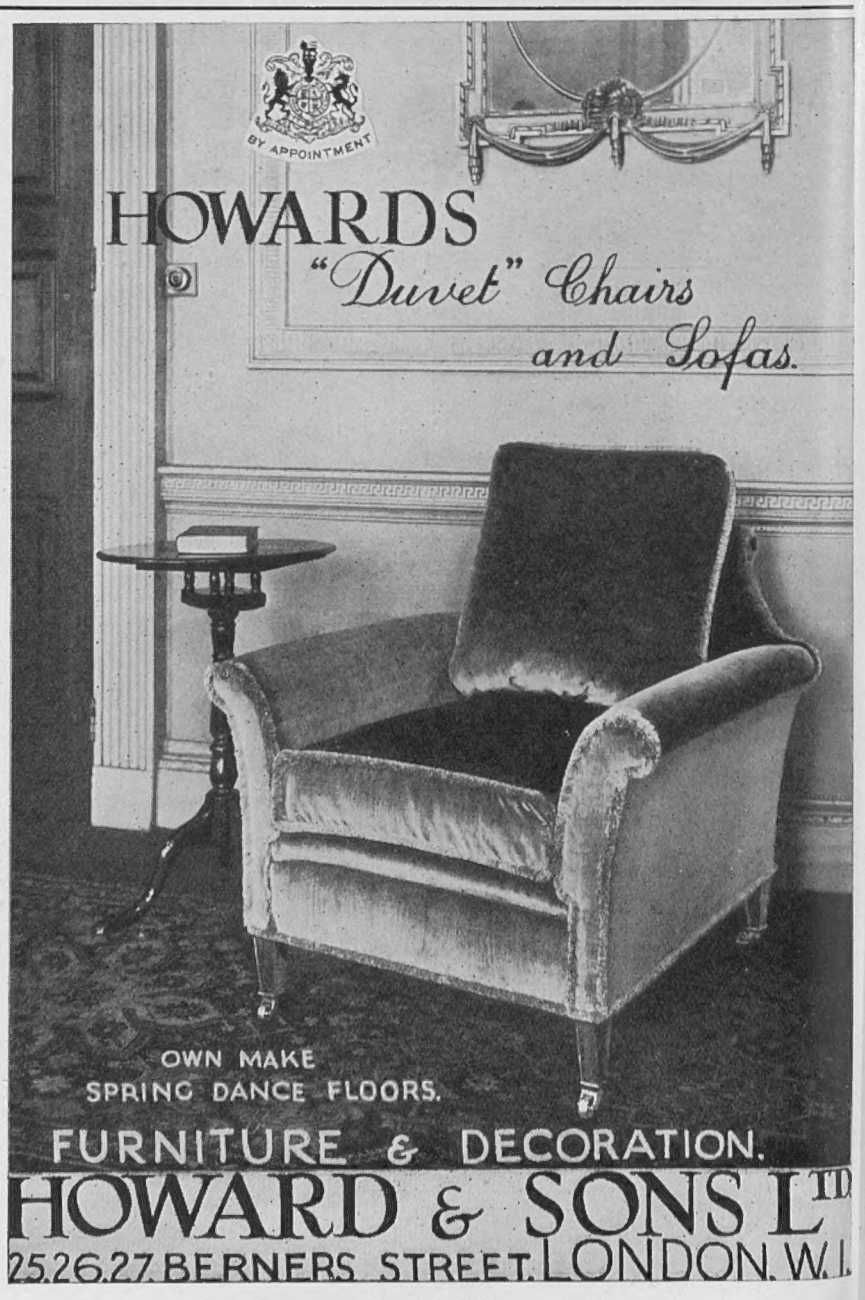

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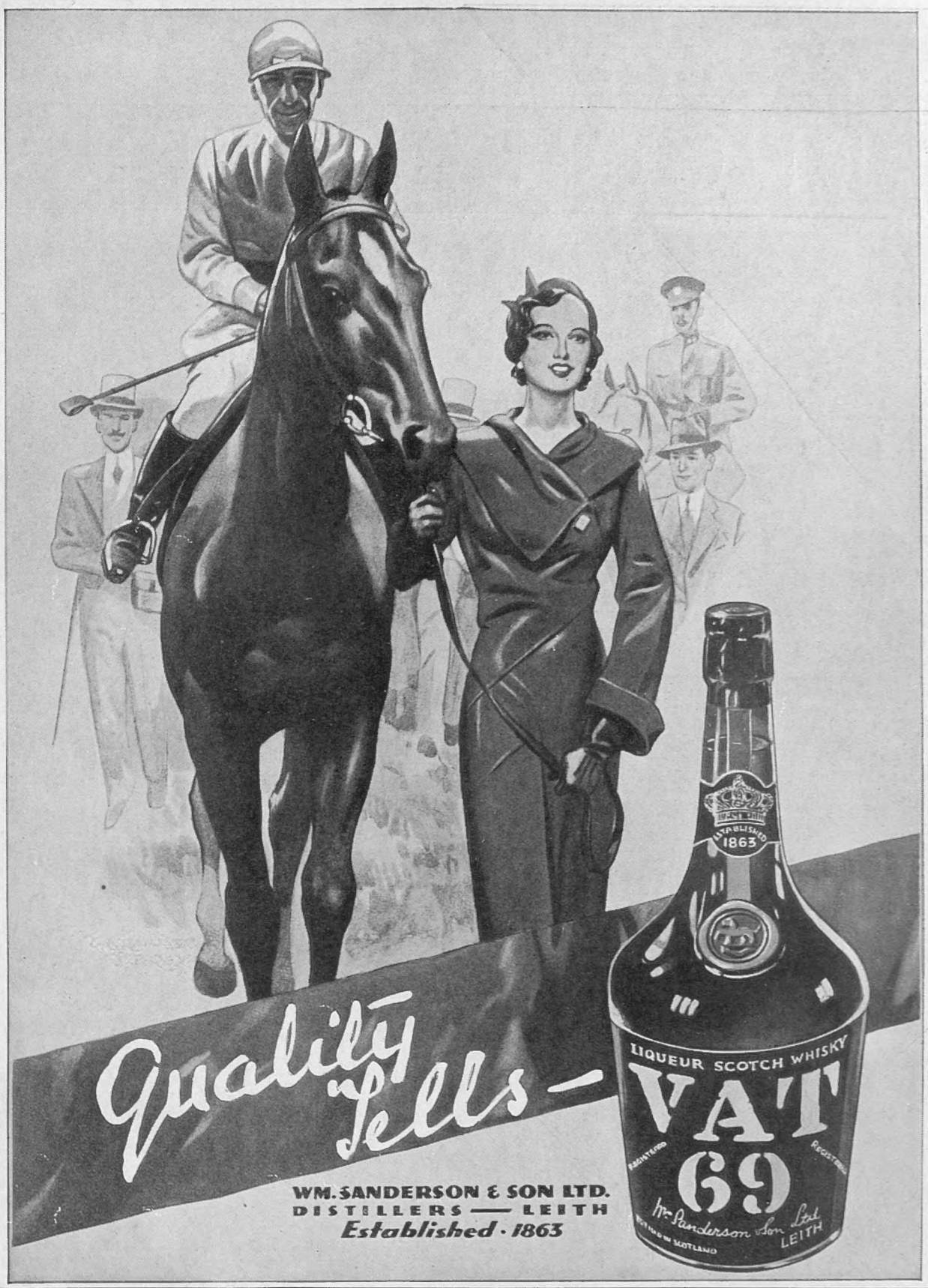

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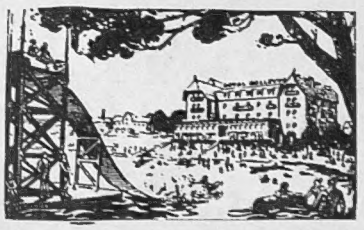

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